



ST. MEINRAD, INDIANA, U. S. A.

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May their souls and the souls of all the faithful departed through the mercy of God rest in peace!

O happy lights!

Could I with you but take my turn,
And burn with love of Him, and burn
Till love has wasted me, like you,
Sweet lights! what better could I do?

—Faber.

Grail Building Fund: Previously acknowledged: \$2164.93. California: W. G. L., \$1; Illinois: J. C., 2; Indiana: M. W., 50¢; E. K., \$1; J. D., \$2; Iowa: N. N., \$1; Kentucky: J. W. H., \$1; Louisiana: N. N., \$1; Maryland: M. B., \$1; Minnesota: N. D., \$1; Missouri: B. N., \$1; New Jersey: M. H., \$1; New York: Mrs. K., \$1; J. R., \$1; A. P., 25¢; N. N., 25¢; W. J. O'G., \$2; K. H., \$1; M. S., \$1; E. J. S., \$1; Ohio: P. M., \$5; Pennsylvania: N. N., \$1; Wisconsin: N. N., \$1. Total: \$2192.93.

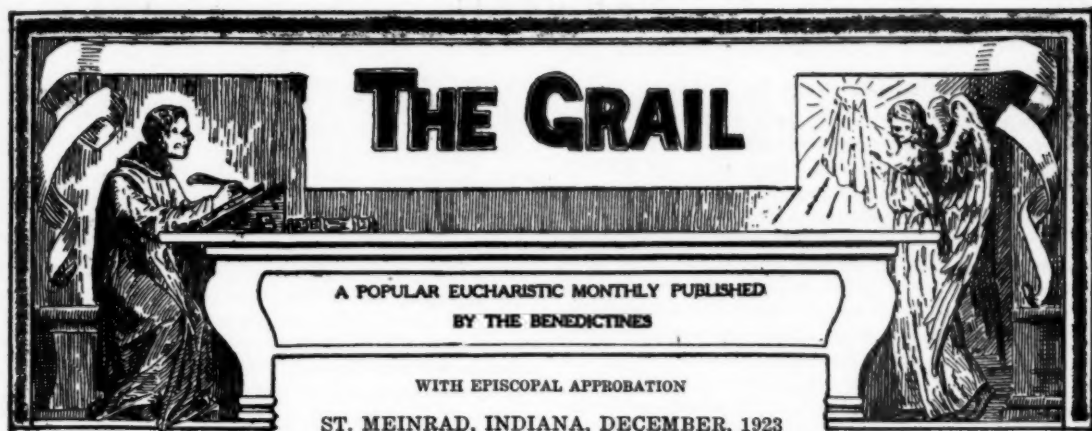
For the Sufferers of the War-stricken Lands

Indiana: N. N., \$1; P. P., \$1; J. C. H., \$25; Illinois: J. B., \$5; Pennsylvania: L. F., \$5; West Virginia: J. O., \$1; Michigan: E. K., \$1.

N. B. Money with requests for Masses to be offered up by the impoverished and needy priests of the war-stricken lands will be gladly forwarded gratis. Address all communications to

ST. MEINRAD'S ABBEY, B. F.,

St. Meinrad, Ind.



Official Organ of the INTERNATIONAL EUCHARISTIC LEAGUE FOR THE UNION OF CHRISTENDOM

The World Ripe for Conversion

The harvest of souls is ready for the reapers. Individual conversions are constantly taking place not only among the lowly but among the learned as well. In recent years several religious communities have been received into the Church incorporate. Of late a great body of Anglicans, with Romeward tendencies, has been making overtures to Rome. In their latest congress at London, 16,000 strong they sent greetings to the Holy Father and expressed the wish that the day of peace might soon dawn.

In Russia, in the Ukraine, and in other countries, there is a strong movement back to Mother Church. Even among the heathens there is a preference for the priests, brothers, and sisters who sacrifice every comfort of life to effect the salvation of their less fortunate brethren.—The fields are ripe but the laborers are few.

Perhaps not many feel called to the life of the missions. All Catholics, however, are obliged to do their share in bringing the heathens to a knowledge of Christ and of the truths of salvation. Numerous means are suggested. One of the simplest, and possibly one of the most effective, is to be found in the International Eucharistic League under the Guidance of the Holy Ghost for the Union of Christendom. Money is not the object of this League, but *souls* through the Holy Eucharist and prayer. Each member of the League is asked to make a brief daily offering of all the Masses and Holy Communions of the whole world, to receive an occasional Holy Communion, and to hear Mass occasionally for the threefold intention of the League, which is (1) union and harmony among all Catholics, (2) the return to the Church of all non-Catholics, and (3) the conversion of all non-Christians, who form nearly two-thirds of the human race. There are no fees, dues, or collections required.

Without a doubt, in response to your earnest prayers for this threefold intention, Almighty God will greatly increase the number of conversions. Remember that you owe this as a debt of gratitude to God for the un-

speakable gift of faith that He has bestowed upon you. It is the will of God that all men be saved, but He generally makes use of men as the instruments for bringing about the salvation of their fellow men. Are you doing your share in this regard? Send in your name to the editor of THE GRAIL for enrolment in the International Eucharistic League. Ask your neighbors and friends to do the same. Do your part that all may be one. God will reward you for it.

Merry Christmas!

To our readers, one and all, we wish a merry Christmas! May your hearts be filled with joy and happiness on this blessed day. Make it really a merry Christmas by receiving into your bosoms the source and fountain of all peace and happiness, the new-born Savior, Jesus in the Holy Eucharist. True peace is to be found only in the clean of heart.

Christmas is not merely a day of merry making, feasting, giving and receiving of presents, it is the Savior's birthday, a holy day rather than a holiday, and as such we should keep it.

Children look weeks ahead for the coming of Christmas. In preparation for this holy feast, they should be taught how to observe the season of Advent properly, and in this their elders should set the example. Mortifications should be practiced, such as abstaining on certain days or at certain times from sweetmeats, also from worldly pleasures, among which we might mention the "movies," dances, parties, and the like. During Advent the spirit of penance should prevail. Then, too, prayer should be more frequent. Endeavor to attend Mass daily and receive Holy Communion, if possible. The Way of the Cross might be made occasionally with profit. To those who desire to do penance, many exercises of piety will suggest themselves. Observe Advent well and thus prepare your hearts for the spiritual birth of the Savior therein. You will then have a really merry Christmas. May the spiritual joys of such a Christmas be yours.

No Merry Christmas for These

Many are the destitute who will not have a merry Christmas to look forward to this year. To say nothing of the poverty-stricken at our very doors, let us look beyond the seas, especially to Germany, still under the heel of oppression, a country in which the World War has left unparalleled misery in its wake. In very many instances the father and breadwinner of the family was either killed outright or was maimed and crippled for life. Consequently millions of women and children are actually starving to death. They have neither food to eat, nor clothing to wear, nor fuel to burn, nor money with which to buy. Death is staring them in the face and before spring returns many of them will have been laid beneath the sod because the hand of pity was not opened to sustain them.

According to his means every Christian is bound to help those who are in extreme need. By the punishment threatened, we see how strict is the obligation to perform corporal works of mercy. "I was hungry, and you gave me not to eat; . . . naked, and you covered me not. . . . Amen I say to you, as long as you did it not to one of the least of these, neither did you do it to me. And these shall go into everlasting punishment."—Matth. 25:42,43,46. On the contrary, "When thou makest a feast, call the poor, the maimed, the lame, and blind: and thou shalt be blessed. . . . for recompense shall be made thee at the resurrection of the just."—Luke 14:13,14. And again, "He that giveth to the poor shall not want; he that despiseth his entreaty shall suffer indignance."—Prov. 28:27. But the fear of punishment, or the promise of reward, is not required to move a good Christian to perform acts of mercy.

Our Nation is about to celebrate Thanksgiving Day in order to return thanks publicly to the Giver of all blessings for the gifts that have been bestowed upon us individually and as a body through His bounty. And in a very short time we shall make an effort to gladden the hearts of the children, our relatives, and friends, by generous gifts at Christmas time. In the name of the sweet Christ Child, the Friend of little children, give sparingly to those who have, that you may give the more generously to those who have not. If even the cup of cold water that is offered in His name shall be rewarded, how great will not be your reward for helping to satisfy the absolute needs of the starving and naked members of Christ? To love thy neighbor as thyself is a divine command. Charity knows neither race, nor, color, nor creed; it sees in the individual a member of the suffering Christ.

A word should be added also about the religious in convents and monasteries who are likewise in the direst need. Many have already succumbed to the hardships brought on by the late war, many others are helpless and bedridden as a consequence of undernourishment, lack of necessary clothing and fuel. It should be remembered that the most of these religious care for the orphan, the young, the sick, and the aged. Nor do priests fare any better. They, too, are without

necessary clothing, food, and fuel. In many instances they are forced to seek employment as day laborers in order to hold body and soul together. If they could only receive Mass intentions from this country, they would be helped. God will be merciful to us according to the mercy we have shown to our fellow men. If we look for a good measure from Him, we must give liberally.

Those who wish to give a helping hand are urged to do so promptly, for, as Gen. Henry T. Allen, late commander of the American forces on the Rhine, says, the present situation is "very grave—one with which Germany is not able to cope." It may not be generally known, but the American Society of Friends, or Quakers, as they are generally called, have given us a noble example of charity by undertaking to bring aid to 2,000,000 of these unfortunates during the winter now at hand. We trust that every one of our readers will have at least something to give, even if it be only cast-off clothing that is still in good condition. We shall deem it a great service to be of assistance to you in this work of mercy by forwarding all the money and clothing sent us for the relief of these poor sufferers. If you really desire to wish these unfortunates a "Merry Christmas!" do so at once, and say it with a liberal check. Remember that God will not be outdone in generosity. The Christ Child appeals to you for mercy. You may address your gifts to the Benedictine Fathers, St. Meinrad Abbey, St. Meinrad, Indiana.

TIMELY OBSERVATIONS

HILARY DEJEAN, O. S. B.

Miracles

Priests are sometimes asked why it is that we do not have miracles nowadays such as were so common in the early Church. The logical answer, of course, is that when the Apostles and first missionaries went forth to convert the world, they had to have the power of miracles to prove the divine authority of their teaching and to show that the Christian religion was the true religion of Almighty God. Now, however, when we preach the faith to mankind, we have but to point back to those wonders worked in the first ages, wonders that have full historical certainty, and by showing that we preach the same religion as was preached by those wonder-workers, the divinity of this religion is sufficiently attested.

BUT THEY HAVE NOT CEASED

It is true, indeed, that today those supernatural gifts of prophecy, of tongues, of healing, etc., do not come to all those who have been signed with the sign of faith; but it is a fact that the Church of God is even today more fruitful in well-authenticated miracles than even we Catholics sometimes think. I often wonder just

what Lourdes must mean to the so-called scientists and self-styled atheists who pooh-pooh miracles in the same manner as we do fairy tales and antiquated myths, and endeavor to explain them away as the results of natural causes, when the best of scientific authority affirms that these wonders are beyond any natural order.

AMONG OURSELVES

But Lourdes is not the only scene of modern miracles. At numerous shrines throughout the world, results are being obtained by faith and humble prayer that must baffle science in seeking their source in natural causes. And not only at these shrines: even in the ordinary walks of life, among simple Catholic folk, where faith and earnest prayer abounds, instances of the power of God and the intercession of His glorified servants are occurring at all times. We, perhaps, do not speak of them as miracles, nor do they often gain widespread notoriety, yet any parish priest can recount such marvelous answers to prayer taking place among his own people.

MYSTIC TALES

It is good for us to open the eyes of faith, to take notice of the world of the supernatural in which we live. That the power of God is about us, ready to respond to trusting prayer, when such response is for our good, is as certain as the presence of our Guardian Angel or the Real Presence of our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament. It is with this sense of the supernatural in our lives that Enid Dinnis has written her beautiful stories, so simple, touching, and edifying. Would that more books of such kind could get into the homes of our people to supplant the sad materialism of modern fiction.

The Big Issue

Recently the Governors of some thirty-three States met here in Indiana for a conference. Several topics had been proposed for their discussion, but eventually the other questions were pushed aside to make way for the all absorbing one concerning the enforcement of the eighteenth amendment. Arguments waxed hot and bitter. All agreed that the law, since it is a law, should be enforced, and that it was not being properly enforced. How to remedy this lack of enforcement was the question on which much difference of opinion was shown. It was finally decided that they go to Washington and put the matter up to the President.

Comes now Governor Pinchot of Pennsylvania openly declaring in Washington what everyone already knows, that the enforcement of prohibition is being balked through politics, graft, and red tape; and demanding that the President himself take it in hand as did Washington in the days of the Whiskey Rebellion. He says, moreover, that "it is idle to suggest that the law cannot be enforced. That the Government of the United States, the most powerful nation on earth, with the people overwhelmingly behind it, is powerless before a few thousand, or a few hundred thousand, of as-

sorted lawbreakers, is simply unthinkable. The fact is that we have never really tried. The thing that has protected the liquor criminal from the law is politics. Politics first, law enforcement a poor second, has been the order." This statement as to public opinion regarding prohibition, however, has not gone without challenge, and we are inclined to agree with the editor of the Newark *Evening News* who says that when Mr. Pinchot limits the opposition to prohibition to "a few thousand or a few hundred thousand of assorted lawbreakers, either he does not know what he is talking about or he blandly ignores millions of persons to whom the writing of a controversial piece of sumptuary legislation into the organic law is downright offensive. The people's heart is all right; they love and respect their Government. But it is an axiom with students of government that laws lose their force when they run counter to the imbedded customs of generations of people, and that such laws are not easily enforceable, if enforceable at all, in large sections where they do not command the respect of the majority.

"Indications are not wanting that this is the case in the southern section of New York State and in New Jersey as a whole. Where the people cannot see a great moral issue involved in the uprooting of custom, custom is still the order of the day. That is why to Mr. Pinchot's few hundred thousand of assorted lawbreakers must be added nobody knows how many millions of decent people, gladly amenable to laws that embody the spirit of the Ten Commandments and even the Golden Rule, who are highly resentful when this sumptuary question is converted by politics into a specious question of right and wrong."

A better presentation of the moral aspect of prohibition has never been made. In the meantime, however, murder, robbery, and crime of every sort go on behind the backs of guardians of the law, all intent on the arrest of liquor violators; or these real crimes get but scant attention in the courts, whose dockets are cluttered with liquor cases again and again appealed, for the money supply of bootleggers to fight the law seems never to become exhausted.

Vocation Talks

F. NORBERT, O. S. B.

SHOULD I BE A RELIGIOUS OR A SECULAR?

"Should I be a religious, or a secular, priest?" is a question that often forms the foundation for much worry on the part of young men who are thinking of consecrating themselves to God in the priesthood, or who are actually studying for it. "Should I bind myself by the three holy vows of poverty, chastity, and obedience, or should I choose the secular state where I shall have greater liberty and where consequently the battle against sin will be a battle to be fought more or less alone." The salvation of one's soul should be the one dominating factor in the answer to this question. Correct choice is therefore a matter of great importance.

AN EASY ANSWER

The young man who wishes to give himself to God unreservedly will find little difficulty in making his choice of life. He is looking for a life of happiness bearing with it the greater surety of eternal life. Which shall he choose: the religious or the secular priesthood? He sees from daily life that all the convenience, contentment, and happiness enjoyed by people, are the result of hard labor and sacrifice on the part of someone. Few people, who reflect, will fail to see that sacrifice is the medium of happiness. This is true also in the spiritual life. The decision affecting the choice of a state of life should therefore be made in accordance with this principle. If one is willing to make great sacrifices to be more sure of obtaining a hundredfold in this life and eternal happiness in the next, the path to follow is at once evident—the way to the religious state. It is the path trodden by the few, since experience teaches us that the multitudes follow the easier way. To such a young man who gives himself whole-heartedly to his Creator, God will make a life of sacrifice seem easy. Therefore, young man, decide how much you are willing to sacrifice in order to remove many dangers to your salvation, and in this decision you will find the correct choice of a state of life. If after due deliberation and prayer, one who is otherwise fit cannot bring himself to make the sacrifice required for the religious state, it proves one of two things: either there is room for still greater generosity towards God, or for some extrinsic reason such as health, support of parents, and the like, God does not seem to want the sacrifice in this particular case. But one who does not make the sacrifice cannot also share the temporal and eternal advantages and rewards of religious, for example, more abundant merit, greater safety from sin, ease in practicing virtue, and the enjoyment of that peace of life which only those shall possess who have unreservedly consecrated themselves to God in religion.

Pilgrims to Rome and Heaven

A Second Century Poem in Five Songs

DOM HUGH BEVENOT, O. S. B., B. A.

Song the Fourth: Justin and Crescens

"Super inimicos meos prudentem me fecisti mandato Tuo, quia in aeternum mihi est.—By Thy commandment Thou hast made me wiser than my enemies, for it is ever with me."—Ps. 118:98.

Rising at dawn, as was his daily wont,
A priest of Rome, in whom the care of years
Had toned too soon the vigour prompt of youth
Unto most Christian mildness,—sallied forth
Beyond the city walls, nor stopped until
Upon the Way Ardeatine he reached,—
Mid monumental ruins of Rome's great,—
A building, large and simple from without.
But once therein swift access he had gained
By sign accustomed, his eye could rest

Upon a noble portico where still
The Flavian name was 'blazoned, while beyond
A crypt right beauteous held the holy limbs
Of the departed. Gladness now so great
And courteous service to the priest was shown,
As well betokened him without compeer
Among the saints of Rome. Soter his name,
A pontiff truly, twelfth in the gold chain
That linked Rome unto Peter. Citizen
Was he of Rome, for Fondi gave him birth,
Where the broad Appian Way skirts for a span
A fair plain mountain-ringed.

As daylight grew
He raised his eyes to heav'n and blessed the beams
Of the returning orb, yet worshipped not,
Holding it a dead thing, ease-fashioned by
The Ruler Sov'reign, Who could sole create
Ought, as His Wisdom would. This Lord he served
Gladly, nor with his lips alone, for see!
Girding himself full gravely doth he stand
Long hours in suppliant prayer or e'er he greets
The brotherhood with holy kiss. This day
For a long space he tarried at the prayers
Of Eucharisting praise, yet marvelled none,
But bore themselves more humbly suppliant
As Soter with such vocal utterance prayed:
"Praise to Thee, Lord, Who deignest draw to Thee
In wise triumphant from this vale of tears
Thine own elect; vouchsafe in our dire need
Thro' fresh benignity to steel our souls
That death's keen anguish shatter not the faith
Plighted to Thee. Shield Thou my valiant ones
Whom yester morn the tyrant hath assailed
And now doth torture on. Oh shield Thou these
With the extended might of Thy right hand
Pierced for their sakes!"

"Amen!" the faithful prayed,
And from the chapel's entrance came "Amen!"
Spoke by the watchful maid, stationed where best
The eye could scan the alleys' downward slope,
Or right or left of vaulted chapel-space.
Sprung from the Flavian stock imperial,
Julia she hight, and tho' but fourteen times
Had she the year's calm sheltered course lived through
Beside her mother, gravest of Rome's widows,—
Yet wore the maid, fruit of her instant prayer,
The veil and tunic of virginity
For Christ perpetual.
The service ended and the Pontiff thence,
Julia withdrew unto the chamber, where
The poor and lame she soothed with service sweet.
While thus she ministered, steps on a sudden
Heard she resound from the roadside, adown
The rude stairs hast'ning; then with hair unkempt
And sober garb mud-sprinkled, a tall man
Of noble countenance—heightened by grief—
Justin, all breathless, greeted thus the maid:
"Julia, mildest of the sisterhood,
Peace to thee, and may more be thine if swift
Canst say where Soter tarries if so be

He hath departed hence."

Crossing her breast
The maiden all adread responsive spake:
"Whate'er thy tale of woe, still may'st deliver,
In yon far gallery's secure recess
Soter revered yet prayeth."

Thither sped,
Justin the Pontiff greets: "Father beloved!
The grief you felt yest're'en, learning our loss,
Must I, alas! renew and with increase
Deplorable unfold to the full truth.
When from my dwelling on the Viminal
Our loved ones forth were hastened to the gloom
And ills of prison depths, not they alone
But eke two strangers, newly come from Greece,
The lictors held;—and I, returning then
From Peter's shrine beyond the Tiber's course
Did hear a lictor boast of documents
He had espied and, it would seem, deciphered.
Letters perchance of import, from the saints
Of Asia, or of Greece, and much I fear,
Father revered, thy name therein be writ,—
A name ne'er uttered in the streets of Rome
By Christian lips.—Wherefore, beseech thee, flee
Down the Campanian wilds, or better seek
Soracte's pine groves and much-hollowed crags.
Whilst I by prayer and artifice essay
To wrest these precious missives from our foes.
Yet bless me ere thou leavest, and vouchsafe
To me unworthy part of the fair gifts
Offered by thee in morning sacrifice,
'And by the deacons kept for such as bide
Afar. For this, being no common bread,
But e'en the flesh of Christ made flesh for us,"*
To me solace and might will minister
To follow him till death—no distant end,
For well I wot that Crescens' evil eye
From questing ne'er will rest till Justin die."
Once with his Lord close-bosomed, Justin thence
Prayerful departed, and in prayer a thought
Right helpful was vouchsafed him. Joyfully
He sought out Evelpistus, slave indeed
Of Mark Aurelius Caesar, but with soul
Free of the liberty of Christ. Now laboured he
Beyond the Tiber, marshalling to work
The menial slaves about an aqueduct
Whose arches time and rain had jeopardized.
Justin his aid besought, to whom replied
Thus Evelpistus:

"These be tidings sad,
Save that the issue may right glorious prove
Thro' staunch confession. Nothing can avail
To free the sufferers, but the guards I know
Stationed about the prison, men most apt
To slip a point of duty if their gain
Thereby be manifest. Wherefore good hope
Canst entertain that they will seek me out
These letters swift, if fifty solidi

Their guerdon be."

The venture was essayed,
And half the bribe paid, whereupon the guards
Questioned the lictors closely in hot quest
For hint or copy of the documents.
One lictor said: "A learned scrivener
Is summoned to write out in Latin plain
These Greekish messages, tho' it would seem
Their matter is right flimsy. This if clear
All may be thrown aside, and gained for you."
Rejoiced the guards thus easily to win
The purposed silver, and with drinking bout
In tavern proximate the ev'ning spent.
Whom with proud boast and laugh the feat recounting
Crescens o'erheard as with Liberianus
In converse close he took his homeward way.
E'en as a ferret, keen in eye and tooth,
When birdlings but half fledged it scents or spies,
Stands motionless a moment that its hate
Deliberate may strike with sure effect,
Crescens his step arrested and his speech.
Then with stern look he bade the men reveal
By whom these Christian letters were sought out,
With bribery so vile.

"By Hercules!
Unless their names ye utter, Rusticus
Shall hear of this deceit,—then fare ye ill!"
By consternation sobered, straight they told
That Evelpistus, skilled in building art,
Had sought their friendly aid, accompanied
By one hight Justin, who the fees supplied.
Thereat the ire of Crescens merged itself
In triumph at the prospect of revenge
Complete and sudden.

"In great Caesar's name!
You I conjure forthwith to seize the twain
And cast in languishment; for Christian vile
Hath Justin been long since, and this deceit
Heaps up his guilt unto the very skies.
Behold, Liberianus, to what guile
Your quondam Christian friends resort!—Speak man
Why turnest pale?"

"Methinks thou dost the case
Beyond its warrant urge, nor yet can I . . ."
"Wouldst champion his cause, vile hypocrite?
Or has the spell of Christ made even thee
A traitor to the realm?"

"No traitor I,
Crescens, yet sooth it is my lowly soul
Joys as a child of Jesus!"

"Day by day
Vipers have I then to my bosom clasped
And jeopardized my life!—Guards, sleepy knaves!
Another Christian hath my zeal tracked out,
And by great Pluto if their carcasses
Eftsoon be not strewn on some Roman Way,
Your path to Hades shall be instant, dread."
Tomorrow at the fifth hour will the band
Yesternorn captured to tribunal come

(Continued on page 251)

* Words quoted from Justin's Apology I.

The Eucharist a Wonderful Missionary

ANSELM SCHAAF, O. S. B.



LISTEN to this letter, Father Warren," spoke up Father Gilbert to his guest who was poring over the pages of the morning paper.

"I presume it is more interesting than these bold head lines here. Read it."

"Sometime ago," read Father Gilbert aloud, "I watched the procession of the Blessed Sacrament. I was so struck by it that I forgot to uncover my head. One of the Catholics in the procession grabbed my hat and threw it at my feet. I write this not to launch a complaint against the violent zeal of this man, but to offer an excuse for myself, since there was no evil intention on my part. I realize that this man acted as he did because his feelings were wounded in a matter most sacred to him. I regret very much to have given the scandal. I humbly beg your pardon and ask for the favor of being allowed to pay you a visit.

ROY STAPLETON,

Columbia University."

"Well, did you ever!" commented Father Warren. "I wish that some of our indifferent Catholics would now and then express such regrets for their coldness. Evidently grace is at work here. The Eucharist is after all the great missionary. It makes its conquests when and where it will."

"Yes, the Paulist Father Eliot expressed this fact quite well when he said: 'The great convert-maker is enthroned upon the altar. He is the Divine Magnet of souls. And to the discerning non-Catholic nothing in Holy Church is so attractive as the rapt adoration of his Catholic neighbor prostrate before Jesus in the tabernacle. Only tell him why you are so silently absorbed, and in many cases he is a half convert on the spot. What but the Eucharistic faith, its truths, and its glories gave birth to the great Tractarian migration of souls (from Anglicanism) into the promised land of grace and joy (of the Catholic Church)? What but the Real Presence generates zeal for souls in priest, sister, and layman? When the divine warmth of Eucharistic worship is compared with the frigid formalism of the Protestant church service it is itself, taken alone, a solvent

of difficulties which have resisted many years of perfect argumentation.'

"By the way, the International Eucharistic League also works on the supposition that the Holy Eucharist is the best convert-maker. For that reason it directs its members to offer up masses, and communions, and make the morning offering for the reconciliation of Catholics now estranged, for the return of our separated brethren to Mother Church, and for the conversion of heathen nations that all may be one."

"Why of course," said Father Warren approvingly. "I have encouraged my people to join the League and to fulfill its simple conditions. For so they become instruments through the Eucharist, in extinguishing that damnable hatred begotten by the war and in making wholesale conversions at home and abroad. But, in connection with that letter of yours, I can never forget the famous case of Lyons, which happened during the French Revolution."

"What was it? I don't remember that I have ever heard it."

"If you had, you could not forget it," replied Father Warren.

"Well, this man had lost all faith and religion and was averse to every religious practice. One day he met a priest carrying the Holy Viaticum to a sick person. The thought, that for decency's sake he would be forced to bare his head before the Blessed Sacrament, greatly excited him and, being irritated at this meeting, he fled from street to street. But, strange to say, the priest followed him step for step. The only reason was because that was the very way that led to the dying man's house. The unbeliever, at a loss what to do, entered the very first door that he found open. The priest followed him even here because that door led to the house of the sick man. All of a sudden the infidel saw himself surrounded by the people that accompanied the Blessed Sacrament. Now the man was perplexed, for he could escape no longer. Struck, however, by a ray of grace, which moved him deeply, he argued with himself: 'How is this? I am fleeing before God, who hastens after me. No, Lord! I will no longer resist. I offer now a believing heart as my sacrifice to Thee. Firm and unshakable shall my faith be. I abjure my past infidelity and promise to remain faithful unto Thee till death.'"

"This was surely remarkable. But one thought leads to another, one example recalls another. I have in mind a case in which a Prot-

estant wanted to view the Corpus Christi procession from the window of his neighbors, two Catholic ladies. When the Eucharistic Lord approached, such a strange sensation came over the spectator that he wished to go away and see no more of the procession.

"No!" said the ladies, "You must kneel down, as custom, propriety, and politeness demand."

"What!" cried the Protestant in an angry tone, "do you want me to adore this bread? I am no idolater."

"Be still, just kneel down."

"Well, God is everywhere. I will honor His omnipresence in this way," he said finally in a tone of resignation.

"The Blessed Sacrament had now passed, the municipal authorities followed.

"You may now rise," the ladies urged. But he remained on his knees, silent, immovable, and manifesting the deepest reverence. At first the women thought his attitude a piece of mockery and hypocrisy. But soon he arose with tears in his eyes. Directing his gaze toward heaven he cried out: I, too, believe as these believing women. It is not bread. It is Thy body, Thy divinity, O Lord!" Then turning to the ladies he continued: "The sight of the Sacred Host made such an impression upon me that I would lay down my life for the Real Presence. Lead me to a priest." A missionary was just then giving conferences at Caen in France where this incident occurred and the new convert of the Eucharist was brought to him. Prostrate at his feet, he related all, made a confession of his sins, a profession of faith, and received Holy Communion into a heart overflowing with joy."

"A somewhat similar case," ventured Father Warren reminiscently, "was told in the early nineties of the past century by Franciscan missionaries in China, who sent the following account to the Congregation of the Propagation of the Faith. Seven members of one family had been recently baptized. A daughter-in-law, under instruction, learnt her catechism and prayers, but she did not wish to be baptized, nor could she, for she did not believe that Jesus Christ was truly present in the Holy Eucharist. Like the doubting Apostle she wished to see with her own eyes. Only then would she believe. God had mercy on her weakness.

"One day when the priest had finished his mass, the young woman left her place in church, went up to the altar, walked around it, and going back, returned again. She was excited and looked for something she could not find. When the catechist remonstrated with her for her strange conduct in church, she replied: 'It is true, I know that I should not go so near to the

tabernacle, but during mass I saw two children of indescribable beauty. Never have I seen anything more lovely or more attractive. I would like to see them again and I was hunting the place where the missionary had hid them.'

"She was brought to the priest who had little difficulty to make her understand that she had seen with her eyes what she had up to that moment refused to believe. He added: 'If you have seen two children, this fact is to be ascribed to the presence of two sacred hosts on the altar.'

"Full of joy and with tears sparkling in her eyes she cried: 'My God! I believe! I believe! Baptize me immediately that I may receive this Divine Child into my soul.' After a few days of preparation this happy woman's desire was gratified and ever after she spoke with love and enthusiasm of Jesus Christ in the Blessed Sacrament."

"Yes, our old seminary professor was certainly right when he insisted that as future priests we should always recommend our prospective converts to Christ in the Holy Eucharist. You, no doubt, recall his enthusiasm when he would say: 'Gentlemen, get them started to pray themselves and especially to the Holy Eucharist. Then your work of conversion will be easy.'"

"Why, it's almost train time," exclaimed Father Warren as he glanced at his watch, "I haven't a minute to lose." And, hastily picking up his hat, he made for the station.

* * * * *

Again the two priests were sitting in Father Gilbert's study. "About two years ago, Father Warren, if you remember, I read to you a letter from a Protestant student at Columbia."

"Yes, I recall it distinctly. What became of him?"

"Here is a card from Rome. He writes: 'Arrived safe. Matriculated at Urban College. Am looking forward eagerly to the day when I can say my first Holy Mass.—Roy.'"

"How did it come about?"

"Grace was at work at that time, and the Missionary of the Eucharist completed His task. Shortly after he had written that first letter, the young man came to me for instructions and was received into the Church. Last year he took an active part in the Corpus Christi procession. Desiring to become a priest, he preferred to complete his studies at the center of Christendom."

"How little do we realize at the altar that we hold within our hands the source and fountain of all grace. May Jesus in the Holy Eucharist be blessed and praised forever!"

Hills of Rest

JOHN M. COONEY

Chapter III

AN hour later Danny sat in front of his cabin door and disobeyed his doctor's orders by smoking his favorite pipe. Supper with the two girls had passed a pleasant hour, the most pleasant since he had stepped off the train in Dunsboro three days before. He was thinking over that pleasant hour as he puffed at his pipe in delicious leisure between reminiscent smiles. Once at least his smile was at his expense,—he certainly would not ask again to have his meals sent to him here at the cabin. The two young ladies had treated him with every courtesy and kindness. Indeed he was made to feel a welcome guest. He was the more pleased with this because his fair companions had seemed to take this attitude toward him quite naturally, after the kindly manner of the region as toward one of their own class. If anyone had shown embarrassment, it could have been only himself, for both girls' manner throughout was altogether one of ease. The Colonel's daughter reminded Danny of her father. Like the Colonel, she seemed kindly, quiet, not inclined to words. Danny judged her to be one who could win confidences readily and never betray them. In her brown eyes were candor and courage, softened to womanly sweetness by a great kindness. Her hair was almost black, with only a slight wave in it. Her small, shapely ears and fine features suggested a good background of heredity. With her raven hair, her fair complexion contrasted strangely. A slight flush had mounted her cheeks several times at remarks of her life-long friend, Willie Pat,—as this, when Danny admitted that he would have many problems in farming to solve: "Well, you see, the sea you sail's uncharted"; and another such Danny recalled, dropped as he was leaving. Willie Pat had asked him to find time, if possible, to put her car in running order because, she said, "every other hope's departed." Danny felt something familiar begin to stir in his memory in connection with these words, and in another moment he would doubtless have recognized them as paraphrases of his own, and taken in some way from the verses he had written when resting near the spring the morning before; but at the very moment his attention was taken away by the first low mutterings of distant thunder.

Looking up, Danny saw the edge of a black cloud rising above the hill on which the house stood and the shimmer of lightning coming up

from below. The cloud spread rapidly, the thunder grew louder at every peal; the lightning was a mere shimmer no longer; now great forked tongues searched out every point in the swirling heavens, and blinding flashes connected sky and earth. In the trees arose a murmur which soon grew to a roar as the rain beat down torrents upon their bent and swaying forms. Danny moved his chair into the cabin and closed the front door and window. Through the flooded glass he watched the uproar. The flare of the lightning showed the stream already out of its banks. His thoughts went to the house above. Were the occupants in fear? Should he go to the house to assure himself and them that all was well? He was virtually a stranger to them, he reflected, and the thought held him back; but a terrific crash, as of blent lightning and thunder about his very ears, decided him;—he would go. In rain-proof coat and hat, and carrying an electric flashlight, Danny started toward the house. As he reached the little creek, now swollen to a river, he saw,—or thought he saw,—in a vivid glare of lightning, the form of a man floating rapidly by on the rushing water. Black and white the object was; and, in the blinding lightning, the white portion resembled a human face. So vivid was this impression that Danny followed down the stream, throwing here and there the light from his lantern, until he reached the water gate at the pike. There he searched carefully, scrutinizingly, but to no purpose; and he felt a relief as he turned back toward the flooded ford. When he next looked up at the house, however, it was in darkness. The light he had observed had come from the upstairs only, and he knew now that the occupants had retired, and probably were not greatly alarmed at all. Danny therefore lost no time in getting back into the cabin and, after spending half an hour reading, to quiet himself for slumber, said his night prayers and was soon sound asleep.

Sometime in the night,—Danny did not know when,—he awoke suddenly, awoke sitting bolt upright in bed. Wide awake, he listened intently, scarcely breathing. What he heard was *another's* breathing. Danny was not a coward, but he did not relish this situation. The only thing to do, he knew, was to find out who it could be whose breathing he had most certainly heard but now heard no longer. As quietly as possible he got out of bed and took up the electric flash light from the table where he had laid it down when he came in out of the storm.

Then he backed himself to the wall near the head of his bed, and turned on the light. Danny, let it be repeated, was not a coward, but he felt a great relief when he found there was no other in the room.

"I'm nervous again," he remarked to himself. "Seeing drowned men in the creek and hearing groaning men in my room proves that. I should not have lighted that pipe this evening. My new work and new associations have been strain enough upon my 'bum' nerves without adding a disobedience of doctor's orders. The electric storm also has something to do with nerves, probably. So now for another try at sleep."

Before Danny began even to drowse, he heard again not only heavy breathing, but a groan so unmistakable that he, or any sane man, could not doubt longer either its reality or the direction from whence it came. Danny knew that the sounds of the breathing and the groans came from the loft. Thoroughly aroused now, he felt little fear, if any; so, seizing the flash light again, he mounted the ladder steadily and quietly until his head and shoulders were above the floor. Then, quickly sweeping the dingy loft with his light, he discovered what now did not surprise him much,—a youngish man, unkempt and tired-looking, lying on a pile of corn husks in a corner. Danny's pistol was in his room below, but the wretched figure before him was not that of a burglar nor one for him, even in his weakened condition, to fear.

"What are you doing here?" demanded Danny in even tones, and throwing the light upon the face of the derelict, who was now sitting erect and silent, and looking up with eyes filled with misery and apprehension. "I say, what are you doing here?"

The man hesitated, gulped. "I—came in out of the storm. See; I am all wet; I—"

"Oh, it was you I saw in the creek," interrupted Danny. "I thought you were drowned. Where did you get out of the water? I tried to help you but could not find you."

The stranger threw his arms around his knees, and dropped his head upon both. Then he distinctly shuddered. In a moment he looked up and, in a voice quiet but husky with anxiety and awe, demanded:

"Is he dead?"

His grey eyes looked glassy in the light. His unshaven face showed an almost unearthly pallor. But already he was regaining his composure. He looked Danny in the eye, and in the tired grey eyes Danny saw no fear. Misery he read, and weariness, and perhaps grief, but not fear.

"Is he dead?" the man demanded again.

"I do not know whether the man I saw is dead or not," replied Danny, now looking at the stranger sharply and with a chill of suspicion in his voice when he said:

"I do not think now that he could have been dead, else I should have found the body at the water gate. He must have been still living and still able to crawl out of the water somewhere, and get away. Otherwise I should have found him. For that matter, it may not have been a man at all. I saw only by the flash of the lightning."

"It was a man you saw, and he was dead. He is in the creek somewhere now," said the intruder, and his tone was one of hopelessness and finality.

"How do you know?" demanded Danny.

The weary and miserable eyes again looked without fear into Danny's, and the weary voice said:

"I pushed him into the water, nearly half a mile from here, up the stream. He was dead before he came this far, else he would have managed to get out."

"Did you try to drown him?"

"No; I did not."

"What were you doing out in such a storm? What were you doing on this place at all?"

"I may have the right to ask you what you are doing on this place. I was born on this place. If I had a home, this would be my home."

Again the head sank upon the folded arms and knees, and again a shudder passed through the wretched frame. For several moments, not a word was spoken. The man sat motionless upon the corn husks in a flood of light. His face was hidden, but Danny would never forget the grey eyes, glassy when the light was on them. Willie Pat's eyes were grey. Somehow, Danny feared to ask the question, but he knew he must.

"What is your name?" he demanded.

The man looked up again, but made no response.

"Is your name Armstrong?" inquired Danny.

The stranger gazed at him steadily for several moments, and then answered quietly:

"Yes; I am Philip Armstrong."

"Are you a brother of Miss Willie Pat?"

At the mention of the name, the countenance of the stranger brightened, and an expression of great gentleness and sweetness played for an instant about the unshaven lips.

"Yes," he replied, "I am her brother. I am not worthy of such a sister, but I am her brother. And now, who are you?"

"I am a new farm hand, hired only yesterday,—the only farm hand on the place."

"You are not a farm hand. Are you jesting with me because you think I am in a position to be made merry with?"

Danny cut off the light of his torch before he replied. He had noticed the gable window that looked out toward the pike. Philip Armstrong was silent, too, a moment. Then he questioned:

"Why have you put out the light?"

"I only then noticed the window. I have never been up here before."

"Well, what of the window?"

"We can talk as well in the dark, can we not?"

"I suppose so; but what has the window to do with our talking?"

"Well, say now," replied Danny, "is it necessary for anyone to notice a light in that window tonight?"

A moment's silence followed. Then Armstrong inquired:

"Do you know what I think? I think you are making up your mind to befriend me. Don't do it."

"I am not making up my mind to befriend you," replied Danny. "but I have already made up my mind to see that you get justice,—from me at least. I don't know what you have done, Philip Armstrong, and I don't ask; but I am sure you did not try to drown that man."

"No, I did not try to drown him, nor intend to harm him; but I am sure he is drowned, nevertheless. I mut go and try to get him out of the creek."

"No," ordered Danny; "don't do it yet. Wait. There is time still. Come down with me. I'll not flash the light; you know the way as well as I do."

"Unfortunately for me, I know it better than you. I'll follow you."

Danny rummaged among his effects until he found an alcohol stove. He lighted this, sheltering the match with his hands to prevent the diffusion of its light, and put upon the stove a small pot of coffee. Then he found a box of crackers, a small pot of cheese and other knick-knacks for a quick lunch, the convenience of which he had learned both at college and in the army. He forced his miserable guest to eat and drink, and was soon rewarded by finding him invigorated and encouraged. Philip Armstrong said to him:

"I do not wish you to get yourself into trouble by defending me; and I do not wish you to do another thing for me until you know what kind of man you are assisting. I'll tell you, if you listen, the wretched story of my misdeeds, which have made me what you see me tonight. Then I'll go and find poor Tom's body, and walk into town and surrender myself to the sheriff."

"No; I'll not listen to you now. I am anxious

to hear the story, but not now. Besides, I'll not let you go to look for Tom's body,—whoever Tom is. Instead, I wish you to listen to me and to do as I say. You hold that you did not try to drown him, that you did not wish to injure him?"

"Yes, I can say that; before God I can say that."

"Well, then, why should you give yourself up to the sheriff? If you could surely prove your innocence, it might be well to surrender. But you cannot, can you?"

"No; there was no one to witness, and my own word and my own reputation will not help me out. My word and my reputation are not worth much in my own home, where I have been known all my life, and where my father's word is as good as the bond of any man in the county."

"Well, you can tell me all that tomorrow. Just now what I want to say is this: you are not guilty of any crime and therefore you are not under any obligation to surrender to the authorities. Furthermore, if you should surrender, they would believe only the part of the story that would convict you out of your own mouth. Worst of all, you would grieve and disgrace your own family, and, in doing all this, you would serve no end of justice and no good purpose whatever. If the authorities find the body, let them investigate. We'll neither help nor hinder them. There may be no body to be found. You do not know there is. If trouble comes out of it all, we'll meet it when it comes, honestly; but we are in no way constrained to go out of our way to make trouble. Do you think you have a right to drag your sister's name and your father's name through the mire of a murder trial when you know absolutely that there was no murder?"

"God knows I have worried and disgraced them too long already. I began when I first went to college. My father wished me to attend a school of his choice, where the habits of the students are supervised and safeguarded, but I insisted upon going to the university because Bill Johnson was attending there. Bill Johnson was the best athlete in this neighborhood, and had made a name for himself at the university. I liked athletics also, and Bill said he could help me along; and he did. I made both the football and the baseball team, and was good enough to be a 'feather in Bill's cap.' Then,—so the fellows told me afterward,—Bill became envious of me. I had the luck to make two long runs for a touchdown in the big game of the year, and that night we had a dinner in town. After dinner, Bill took us out and, for the first time in my life, I became drunk. I was hearti-

ly ashamed of it next day, but, as the others seemed to make a jest of it all, I was glad, too, to pretend that I thought it was only a lark. That was in my junior year. As a senior I played through the football season, but was let out from the baseball team, and was so heavily 'conditioned' in my class work that there was no hope of graduation. So, thoroughly disgusted with myself, I came home. Then, because life on the farm was so slow, after the gay times I had at the university, I began to spend much time in town.

"You have been in Dunsboro, haven't you? Well, there is nothing there but cards and whiskey for the would-be sports; so I took to cards and whiskey. It was a splendid occupation for a college man and—one who should have been at least decent. My good friend Johnson helped me along again. One night,—or rather one morning,—Johnson and I came to blows, and I was put in jail. When I got out, I looked up Johnson and gave him a good beating. Taking a blackened eye with me from the fight, I went down to the city and joined the regular army under the false name of Walter Long. That was the year before we went to war. When our Government went in, I was sent over. There was some drinking, of course, in the regular army, but I had succeeded in avoiding it, and was regaining a little of my self-respect and was making some plans for the future. Then, one morning when my company was brought back from the front trenches and was put to rest in a barn without breakfast, because our supplies had not come up, a weasel-eyed fellow named Simkins offered me a drink. If you were across you know the condition of our nerves after a night under fire in the trenches. I took the drink, and then another, and, after that, probably as many as Simkins offered me. Before I came to myself, we were lost from our command, and Weasel-eyes told me we had deserted. We shipped as stokers, and got back to this country undiscovered, and, in New York, I succeeded in losing my sinister crony. That was a year ago. Since then I have been, most of the time, in Chicago. But I was determined to come home and make a new start. I arrived in Dunsboro only yesterday evening, and expected to be at home by eight o'clock. Father is away, and Sister did not meet me because she had planned some pleasant surprise as is her way, and wished me to arrive at the hour mentioned.

"You can imagine my astonishment when I met my evil genius, Simkins, at the very station. He detected me at once, called me quickly aside, and told me to steal away with him immediately, as the authorities were looking for me as a

deserter. Foolishly, I did so. When I questioned him, he became confused and admitted that Johnson had told him to be on the lookout for me, that Johnson was now his employer in a garage in town; that, years ago, Johnson's father had employed the Simkins family as 'croppers' on the Johnson place, and that, ever since Bill and he had been little boys together Johnson had employed him to do many doubtful pieces of work for him. At last he admitted that it was Johnson, who also was in the service in France, and who had recognized me over there, although I had not seen him, that had him to ply me with whiskey and morphine and to have me desert while under their influence. I did not know what to make of it all because I could not comprehend why Johnson should hate me so. Besides, while Johnson is a cruel fellow, he has never been considered a coward; and, if he is seeking revenge for the drubbing I gave him when I saw him last, it would be more consistent with his disposition to get revenge directly and not through such a character as Tom Simkins.

"But, to finish the depressing story, I promptly told Simkins to leave me, and to mind his own business; that no one could know of my desertion unless either he or Johnson had revealed it, as I was enlisted under another name than my own; and that, since his confession, just made, I could incriminate him and Johnson even worse than they could incriminate me. He left me then, and I chose to walk out home across the fields instead of around by the pike, the way being shorter and I being by that time in no mood to meet anyone. But this poor Simkins seems to have been in terror after confessing Johnson's plots against me and his own part in them, and he had followed me without my knowing it, until almost in sight of the house.

"Just as I neared the creek, he overtook me, and denied all he had told me; but, when he perceived that I did not believe him, he begged me never to betray him to Johnson, for he knew his employer was a 'bad' man, and he lived in terror of Johnson's anger. I would not make him any promise and, as it was raining now, and harder at every moment, I shook him off and hastened to get across the stream before it became too swollen and before the night became too dark. The best point at which to cross,—that is, the best point near to which I then was,—was only a short distance above a big fall in the creek. At this point the bed is a wide, flat rock, and at this time of the year only a narrow stream flows down the middle, except in rainy weather. Even then the water, though wider and swifter, is still shallow. But

a few feet below this crossing place, the bed slopes downward to the edge of the cliff over which the water falls, and the rock is slippery in places with moss and slime, and the water swift enough to carry one over the fall when the stream is up. The plunge of the water has gouged out a hole below, and the pool it holds is large enough and deep enough for one to drown, if he cannot swim. Well, just as I started to cross, this fellow again caught up with me and, when we were near the middle, he took hold of me, and began again begging me never to mention what he had said about Johnson. I was really sorry for the poor fellow, but there we were standing in the middle of the creek in a downpour of rain, and I all the time anxious to get on. I started again, but he held my arm tighter. The water was growing higher and swifter. I felt my feet slipping, and so, wrenching my arm free from his grasp, I gave him a hard push,—as I thought, toward the bank. But, whether I had lost sense of direction in the darkness and pushed him toward the fall, or whether he slid over in the swift current, I am sure that he went over, for I heard his scream, and then nothing more.

"You cannot get to the pool quickly from above because it has a high bank, or cliff, on three sides, but I hurried down as swiftly as I could, and called his name over and over again. Then I went into the pool and searched under the water as the lightning showed me he was not floating on the surface. He was not in the pool. I could not believe that his body could have floated out and down the stream, as the outlet was not deep and besides flowed through loose stones, which should have stopped him. But, when you told me that you had seen someone in the creek as far down as the cabin, I knew he must have floated over the rocks in some way."

"Maybe not," interrupted Danny; "I was not sure it was a man I saw, and I felt sure it was not after I had searched and found nothing. Morning will tell. But how did you happen to come to the cabin?"

"I used to stop here in my wild days when afraid to meet father or ashamed to meet my sister. We had two negro boys who used to occupy the cabin, and I would make them let me in, to sleep off, in the loft, the effects of my carousing in town. I had no trouble in finding my way tonight, and God knows I did not wish to go to the house in my present plight. I don't know what to do. I cannot think of anything but to go into town and give myself up to the sheriff. I want to look all along the creek to see if I cannot find poor Simkins. I cannot remain here idle until I know."

But Danny now noticed the windows growing grey.

"I'll look at once and let you know. I'll search all the way from the water gate to the pool. I may not be back until after breakfast at the house as Miss Willie Pat wants me to have the car in running order early, and I may have to attend to that before coming back here. If I do not attend to the car, she will want to know the reason, and she must not know yet. Promise me to remain where you are till I come back. You can do no harm by remaining here, while you may do harm by leaving and being seen."

Philip signified his consent to remain, and Danny set out upon his gruesome search.

(To be continued)

Christmas at Bethlehem, 1922

DOM LAMBERT NOLLE, O. S. B.

When Erdington Abbey, near Birmingham, England, was dissolved less than two years ago, the monks, for the most part, as has been related in these pages, went to Weingarten in Wuertemberg to resuscitate an ancient abbey that had more than a century previous been confiscated. Rev. Dom Lambert Nolle, O. S. B., however, the writer of this interesting sketch, (which was intended primarily for his friends at Erdington, and which appeared in the *Birmingham Catholic Magazine* for February, 1923), went to the Benedictine community at Jerusalem. He is now employed as professor in the Latin Patriarchal Seminary near Bethlehem, which is in charge of the Benedictines.—EDITOR.

Advent brought to the Holy Land the winter season, consisting of the much desired rain and cool nights and mornings. During day it was occasionally comfortably warm. On Christmas Eve there was a thick fog. Returning from Bethlehem a little before midday one saw the fog divide just above the town, and the part turning west formed itself into threatening clouds. In the event, however, there was no rain until after the midday of the feast. The Seminary turned out in full force, the Juniors with red sashes over their cassocks, to take part in the solemn reception of the Patriarch, and to assist at the Pontifical functions. We were at Bethlehem before 1 p. m., and occupied the rooms assigned to us at the Franciscan Monastery, a very large building, to which is also attached a large hospice, i. e., a private hotel, for the accommodation of pilgrims. Half an hour before the expected arrival, we went in procession to the big square in front of the Church. The Governor and a number of policemen kept splendid order. Before the car of the Patriarch came half a dozen motors, containing the nota-

bles of Bethlehem and the district, who had met the Patriarch at Rachel's tomb, a mile from the grotto. In front of the Patriarchal motor rode the Chancellor of the Diocese on horseback, carrying the silver cross. The Guardian of the Franciscans officiated at the ecclesiastical reception. A music band of Catholic young men sent festive strains through the pure and sunny air. The procession opened with the choir boys of Bethlehem in scarlet cassocks; they were followed by the Seminarists, the Franciscan Fathers in their brown habits, secular priests (a number of them South and North Americans), the Benedictine Professors of the Seminary in black cowls, then the Patriarch, surrounded by his Canons with capes of purple and white fur. The whole procession had to pass through the low and narrow doorway to the ancient Basilica, which now unfortunately is no more available for Catholic services; and from there to the new Church, built by the Emperor Francis Joseph of Austria. The Church was nearly full when we entered, for a number of poor people had already occupied the few free seats, and held them all night, exchanging them perhaps sometimes with a friend. As usual some stupid Greek Monks tried to show their rudeness by attempting to prevent the banner of the Catholic Y. M. S. from entering the Church, but the Governor, himself a Greek, promptly stopped the attempt. After the entry the first vespers of the feast were sung. The Franciscan Fathers and other priests occupied the choir stalls behind the altar and formed one part of the choir; the alternate verses were sung by the assistants of the Patriarch in the Sanctuary. As Subdeacon at the Pontifical functions and singing master of the Seminarists, who were the servers at all the solemn services, I had a place in the sanctuary. The midnight office commenced at half past ten and was sung throughout. It was my privilege to sing the first lesson of Matins to the tune which we had used for 30 years at Erdington. The Patriarch himself sung the last lesson. Then followed the Midnight Mass; most of the music was harmonised and rendered extremely well by a choir of boys and Franciscan Fathers. Lauds followed immediately. Then came that unique function which belongs to Bethlehem alone, viz.:

THE PROCESSION WITH THE INFANT JESUS TO THE PLACE OF THE REAL MANGER

The figure of the Holy Child was placed in the arms of the Patriarch, who was vested in a cope of cloth of gold. He was preceded and assisted by eleven priests in vestments of the same material. Whilst the procession moved

slowly through the crowded cloisters to the sacred grotto the choir chanted the Christmas hymns from the Breviary. We descended into the holy place which had been cleared of people by the police, as there was only just room for the choir and the clergy. Even the French Consul, who, as the official lay representative of the Catholics in Palestine, walked immediately behind the Patriarch, carrying a lighted candle, found only a place on the lowest step leading to the grotto.

When the Patriarch had arrived before the place of the Nativity, which is under the Greek altar, and is marked by a silver star, the Assistant Priest placed the "Bambino" on the silver star. Then the Deacon chanted again the Gospel of the first Mass. When he came to the words: "And she brought forth her firstborn Son," he left the book, and kneeling before the figure of the Infant, he wrapped it in swaddling clothes whilst he sang: "And *here* she brought forth," etc.; then descending some steps to the place where the manger stood, he placed the Infant there, singing the words: "And laid him *here* in the manger, because there was no room for them in the inn."

Standing with the Gospel book between the two sacred spots, I was able to see everything most perfectly. What struck me most was the contrast between the first Christmas and the grand celebrations today, not only in Bethlehem, but all over the world; and yet in this very land the majority of the population still belong to those who do not receive Him when He comes into His own.

The Deacon, returning to the Gospel book, continued the singing of the sacred text; but when he came to the words: "Glory to God in the highest," he chanted them to the tune of the Gloria of the Mass, and all the clergy and the boys took it up and sang the whole Gloria with an enthusiasm which is only possible, but also only natural, in this holy place on this holy day. During the return of the procession to the Church the *Te Deum* was sung, and several prayers, chanted by the Assistant Priest, together with the publication of a plenary Indulgence, brought the memorable celebration to a close.

As one of the Patriarch's Assistants, I had the privilege of beginning Holy Mass immediately, without unvesting. I said my first two Masses at the Altar of Saint Anthony, on the right of the sanctuary; of course, the Altarpiece represents him as carrying the Holy Child. During this time the Patriarch said his second Mass at the High Altar and gave Holy Communion for quite half an hour. All the altars were occupied for hours.

The greatest favour of the day was then still in store for me, viz., the celebration of a *Mass in the Holy Grotto*. Only twelve priests appointed by the Patriarchal Master of Ceremonies, and about the same number chosen by the Franciscan Guardian, can be accommodated; and some of the favoured ones have to wait until 3 or 4, or even 5 in the afternoon. The reason is, because the Greek Schismatics have the right to celebrate Mass every day at their own altar in the grotto at 5.30 a. m., and the Catholics have to wait until they have finished. This makes the time for beginning Mass very uncertain. As a newcomer and a professor of the Seminary, I was amongst the chosen ones; and in order that I should be free for the last High Mass, my time was six o'clock, i. e., as soon as the Greeks had finished. I was in the sacristy before six o'clock, so as not to miss my turn. The sacristan told me that the Greeks had taken possession of the grotto, but had not, as yet, started. Of course it was a pleasure to them to keep us waiting. At last their bells sounded. But that was not a sign that my turn should come soon. It happened to be a feast day for them, not Christmas day, with a very long Mass. The sacristan thought I might be lucky if I could start at 7.30. I was tempted to forego the great privilege; for if I could not begin before 8 it would be impossible to be ready for the Pontifical Mass. There was a priest visitor waiting in the sacristy who had been appointed for 5, but had missed his turn, and who would have been delighted to take my place; but I had promised so many of my friends to give them a share in the Mass in the Holy Grotto that night, that for their sake I held out. I was rewarded, for I could commence at 7.40. A number of people crowded in, mostly communicants, who, like me, had had to wait hours for this privilege. I distributed all the sacred particles in the little ciborium, but a number of waiting people had to wait for the next Masses, which then went on without interruption.

I did not dare to make a long memento during that Mass, but I had the evening before a quiet hour at the manger, when I had time to enumerate the many intentions for which I was going to offer my Christmas sacrifices. Of course Erdington, where I had spent the 31 preceding Christmas days, had a very large share in those intentions. The last Pontifical Mass was celebrated by the late Apostolic Delegate of Egypt, a venerable old Franciscan Bishop. During the dinner, which the good Franciscans had prepared for us in their Casa Nova, rain came down heavily for a short while, which brought joy to many whose cisterns were getting nearly empty again. But when we walked back to the

Seminary the sun was shining brightly and smilingly, in spite of the threatening clouds in the west.

In the evening we had, at supper, our Chief Pastor, who afterwards distributed by ballot Christmas presents to our students, and arranged to say the Communion Mass next morning for them. This was the end of a perfect day.

Promoting the Catholic Press

The selling of subscriptions to Catholic Magazines is a work that must go on if the Catholic press is to prosper. And for it to go on we must have capable and energetic Catholics, who are willing to make this worthy employment their means of livelihood and to devote their time and talents to it.

There are at the present a large number of splendid Catholic men and women engaged in this vitally important work. But many more are needed, and Catholics, seeking a profitable and honorable occupation, would do well to consider seriously this field of Catholic press activities. To labor daily in the cause of the Catholic Press is certainly worth while and meritorious endeavor. In a sense it is missionary work. And to be identified with such work is unquestionably an honor and a privilege.

As Pope Pius IX of blessed memory said: "It is the holy duty of every Catholic to support the Catholic press and to promote it among the people." The Catholic magazine salesman who does his work honestly and with the proper spirit is fulfilling this duty in a special way, and his efforts therefore merit for him a compensation that cannot be computed in dollars and cents. He is doing God's work and is blessed accordingly.

If you are not able to give your time to this work, at least help to the extent of thinking and speaking well of those who are laboring in this cause, and thereby encourage them to greater effort. C.

The Christmas Star

NANCY BUCKLEY

A radiant star gleams brightly down
Upon the streets of Bethlehem town;
It fills with soft and steady light
The midnight sky of Christmas night.

Upon a new born Babe who sleeps
The loyal star sweet vigil keeps,
It watches Him from heaven above,
This ever-faithful eye of love.

The Holy Grail

In November we presented to our readers the first of a series of fifteen illustrations on the legend of the Holy Grail, which Edwin A. Abbey has so beautifully portrayed in his frieze decoration in the Boston Public Library. The second panel of the series, which we herewith present, is "The Oath of Knighthood," or

THE VIGIL OF GALAHAD

Galahad had been given into the keeping of a company of nuns when an infant, that he might be trained in pure and holy ways. To their convent, in due time, Launcelot was summoned to receive him and make him a knight. The second panel represents the endings of Galahad's period of training,—the passing of his boyhood, with his entrance upon the active phase of his great career. He is about to leave his home with the nuns, and has passed the night's vigil in the convent chapel. Like the fourth panel the second depicts a moment of breaking with the old and a preparation for a great event next to be pictured. Here it is an introduction to the culminating moment in the first stage of the drama.

Galahad kneels at the chapel altar, clad in a robe of red. Behind him kneel Sir Launcelot and Sir Bors, portentous in their chain armor. They fasten his spurs in signal that the moment of departure has arrived, with its beginning of life in the world. Galahad's helmet lies at his knees. The two candles at the altar have burned nearly to their sockets. At the distant windows in the upper left-hand corner the roseate light of dawn steals into the low vaulted space. Behind Galahad and his comrades stands a company of white-robed nuns who hold great candles, the yellow glow upon their bearers' garments blending with the cool daylight that pours through the unseen window above the altar. The same light shows in gray reflections upon the steely fronts and helmets of the two

kneeling knights in armor. The yellow candle-light glitters upon their backs in fine contrast. The noble face of Launcelot shows in shadow, in grave meditation. That of Bors, beyond, is not seen.

The chapel architecture is Romanesque, of the early Christian type. In the centre of the background is the remarkable crucifix of early form. It occupies the centre of three arches. The beautiful face of the Saviour, beardless and youthful, without a suggestion of the agony that marks later conceptions, but with a divine dignity, a calm that transcends physical angu-

ish, has a strong classic feeling. On either side of the cross is a kneeling figure; and three other figures, vaguely indicated, are frescoed in each of the adjacent arches. In the vaulted ceiling above is a characteristic Celtic ornament of interlacing curves, red against gray.

The remarkable red robe of Galahad henceforth distinguishes the hero throughout the series. Besides supplying a mag-

nificent accent for the central figure of each panel, the color has a deep mystical significance in this relation. In Christian symbolism red is the color of spiritual purity. It is the spirit cleansed as by fire. It is not the color of passive purity, of mere innocence, as white is. It stands for activity, conflict, human effort, with the knowledge of good and evil that imparts the strength to achieve the good and resist the evil. The red robe means the protecting garment that the pure soul must wear for its life in the world. It identifies its wearer, through kinship of the same red blood, with the interests and the welfare of his fellows, in whose cause he is fighting. It is the outer personality which must bear the stress of the conflict and receive the bruises and stains that come from contact with the world. But beneath all the soul must remain unsullied.

(The third panel is the next of the series.)



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THE VIGIL OF GALAHAD

A Breton Christmas Carol

Translated by DOM HUGH BEVENOT, O. S. B., B. A.

If Jesus came once more, appearing
With countenance mild and endearing,
Sweet Savior, toiling Heart and Hand,
'Twere surely best Christ were born here in our land.

CHORUS

Ring-a-ding, cheery bells expand
To the skies your peals and cheery chiming!
Ring-a-ding, by the wild breeze fann'd,
Jesus may be born again some time—in our land.

Needs Christ at His new birth a manger
Snug with fresh grass and free from danger,
For trusty ox hard by would stand:—
This is the place for such a manger—our land.

If He would have fair landscapes, meadows,
Dells, woods, where sunshine plays with shadows,
With furze and hawthorn, pine trees grand,
This is the country for such meadows—our land.

Comes Christ again apostles seeking,
With simple folk sweet converse keeping,
Whose hands has honest labour tann'd;—
Sure He will not have long to seek—in our land.

Longs Christ to save, by gentle calling,
Samaritan women from falling,
Healing all wounds with kindly Hand?
Some He may find to save from fall—in our land.

But if a Judas to betray Him
Jesus did need, then would we pray Him
Elsewhere to make such sad demand.
For none so base as to betray—in our land.

Gifts

MRS. J. T. WHIPPLE

"Every best gift, and every perfect gift is from above, coming down from the Father of lights."—St. James 1:17.

The greatest of all gifts is God's gift to man—eternal life. God created man and endowed him with the passport to heaven—sanctifying grace. When man, through disobedience, cast aside the gift of God, the Heavenly Father sent a perfect man in the person of His own son, who, by satisfying divine justice with the sacrifice of His life, purchased again the great gift that all, who through obedience of faith would accept His doctrine, might again be the recipients of this greatest of boons—grace in Jesus Christ to life eternal.

The gift of grace, while securing to us eternal life, has the marvelous power of enriching us by turning to account for future glory every thought, word, and deed of our life performed with a good intention. Even the most ordinary

occupations and simple devotions can thus be used to merit additional grace.

Many are the gifts of God which the true Christian has a perfect right to enjoy in this life. "For every creature of God is good and nothing to be rejected that is received with thanksgiving by the faithful and by them that have known the truth."—1 Tim. 4:3,4.

Although God "maketh His sun to rise upon the good and the bad, and raineth upon the just and the unjust," still it is to the just that these blessings are really sent, as God does not confer His favors upon sinners as long as they remain in sin, except to turn them from their evil ways and bring them into the gift class.

So secure is the just man in his claims to the temporal gifts of God, whether for delight of mind or comfort of body, that by voluntarily surrendering them to God through mortification or self-denial, he immediately purchases additional merit, increases his future prospect for greater gifts of power and glory in eternity.

We ought always to be thankful for the gifts of God and we should make use of them in a manner most pleasing to him. It would be profitable frequently to deny ourselves even a good gift that we might have even greater profit, or thereby purchase the gift of grace for others.

At the Hospital

From the Diary of a Chaplain

F. L. CAPELLAN

It was a cold, blustery day in December a few years ago, when we had that deep snow. The ambulance rolled up to the hospital door bringing a man who appeared to be nearly dead.

"What is it—an accident?"

"No, we found him in a little old shanty near the river with a half pint of whiskey and a chunk of stale bread at his side. He was nearly dead. We sent for the priest, who arranged for the ambulance and asked for us to go along."

A few minutes later the priest telephoned to me: "He is a hard bat. Perhaps you can do more with him than I can."

The poor man was taken in, a charity patient, of course, and given the best of care. He was cross the first few days and proved to be troublesome, disagreeable, dissatisfied, grouchy; always complaining, didn't get enough to eat, doctors and nurses didn't come often enough, and the like.

"You are given a very careful diet," I said. "You were almost starved. In a few days you will feel better, if you follow directions and be patient; but if you don't behave, they will throw you out and then what will become of you?" He shut up.

After some days he grew more calm. Every day I visited him, but he would not hear of confession. In the course of conversation I found out that he had received a good Catholic education in Westphalia, in northern Germany. I then gave him some pious reading matter in his own language. Gradually he became more communicative, and as the reminiscences of his childhood days returned to him, he became quiet, thoughtful, and began to tell the story of his life.

"I came over to this country when I was seventeen; never married. Everything went well until I got into bad company in a district where there was no Catholic church within twenty-five miles."

Then recalling those awful times and the godless life he had led, remorse came, and he told of his downfall. Every day he would talk about it and every day I suggested the remedy, telling him that God in His mercy had instituted the sacrament of penance for that very reason that he might receive the forgiveness of sins that peace be restored to his soul.

"Yes, but I cannot," he protested.

"Why not?"

"My sins are too big. God will not forgive."

"You could not commit a sin so big that God could not and would not forgive it."

"My sins are too many. It would take more than a day to tell them."

"Then we will take two days. Why carry those sins about with you when there is a priest in the house that can take them away?"

"I will go in church when I am well."

An awful struggle was going on in his soul. It is the same old story, when one has neglected the sacraments for a long time. In the best case he will put it off. The devil will not easily let go of his subjects. How hard it is to go to confession after having been away for a long while, and yet how easy when the step is made with the grace of God.

One afternoon when no one else happened to be in the little ward, I was standing at the foot of his bed. He very soon began to talk of what was nearest to his heart and told his life's story, going through the whole category of his sins. He was in the proper mood and I let him go on.

"Yes, I know how that goes with no sacraments, no Mass, and no prayers to help you. It goes from bad to worse. . . . How often did that happen?" Thus I put in a question now and then until at last he had finished. "Now," I said, "I know you are more than sorry for all this. If you will accept a penance, I will give you absolution."

"Is that all?"

"That is all there is to it. You have made a good and complete confession. Thank God for His mercy. If you should have forgotten anything, you can go to confession again in a few days and receive Holy Communion Sunday morning."

"From that very moment I was happy," he said to the Sister.

How wonderfully Our Lord has adapted confession to the needs of the human heart. They will talk about it; they must tell somebody what burdens their souls, and when God's secrecy of the seal of confession is added to it, what is there to fear?

Our penitent regained the happiness of God's peace in his soul. Later on he received Holy Communion in the chapel and I seldom saw a person so beautifully devout as he was when receiving Our Lord. He regained his health but not his strength, so that he was unable to work for his living. He took refuge in a home for the poor, where he serves God faithfully and is a model to others for his edifying and saintly life.

(To be concluded)

St. Peter Chrysologus

A. C. MCK.

BISHOP, Confessor, and Doctor of the Church, surnamed "Golden-tongued," for his remarkable eloquence, St. Peter Chrysologus was born in Imola, Italy in the year 406. He received his education and was ordained deacon by Cornelius, Bishop of Ravenna. Under the bishop's prudent care St. Peter learned that to control and govern himself was true greatness and the only means of learning to put on the spirit of Christ; that to bear injury with patience is more heroic than to conquer nations and that an act of patience is of far greater value than to gain worlds. That he might accomplish this task more easily, he entered the monastic state, where he served God with fervor and simplicity.

After some years Peter was made archbishop of Ravenna. When he came into his charge he found the remnants of a pagan superstition in parts of the diocese, among which was an intemperate and riotous manner of celebrating New Year's Day. He also found abuses among the faithful in keeping the season of Lent. By his holy zeal in a short time these irregularities were corrected. To those who objected to the forty days of prayer and penance, he reminded them that this holy season is not of human invention, but of divine authority.

St. Peter revived the practice of frequent

Holy Communion among the faithful in his care and strongly recommended that the Holy Eucharist be the Daily Bread of our souls. He has left precious explanations of the Incarnation and the Apostles Creed, and many beautiful discourses on the Blessed Virgin. He repaired old, and built many new, churches and monasteries, among the latter the great St. Andrews in the town of Classis, at that time the seaport of Ravenna, about three miles from the city proper. Here he also built a magnificent fountain.

The "lazy monks" that we read of in fiction or anti-Catholic books are imaginary characters and have no foundation in fact. The wonder is how many of them accomplished what often appears to have been almost impossible tasks. St. Peter added to the care of a large diocese, writing and preaching, the administration of the sacraments, and left nearly two hundred writings on spiritual subjects in addition to those mentioned above. Being a prominent prelate his correspondence was considerable. In answer to a letter from Eutyches, whose writings had been condemned by St. Flavian, he says that he has read his letter with sorrow; that if the peace of the Church causes joy in heaven, divisions ought to cause sadness and grief; that the mysteries of faith are delivered to us by divine law and are to be believed in all simplicity.

When St. Germanus visited Ravenna in 448, he was received by St. Peter with great honor, and after his death was happy to inherit his cowl and hair shirt. Peter did not long survive St. Germanus, for we read that in 452 when Attila approached Ravenna, it was John, his successor, who went out to meet him. Warned of his death, he returned to Imola, where he died and was buried in St. Cassian's Church. The Collect of the Mass in his honor on the 4th of December reads: "Oh, God, who didst vouchsafe that the distinguished Doctor, blessed Peter Chrysologus, should be chosen by a sign from heaven to rule and instruct Thy Church, grant, we beseech Thee, that as we have had him for a teacher of life on earth, we may deserve to have him for an intercessor in heaven."

Kathleen's Doll

NANCY BUCKLEY

Moira O'Connell had been so busy all this 24th day of December measuring yards of holly ribbon that she had almost forgotten Kathleen's doll. Almost, but not quite. During a lull in the late afternoon rush, Moira leaned wearily against a show case and looked across the aisle where the toy department was

weaving its magic spell over big, wondering baby eyes.

And there, on a high pedestal was Kathleen's doll, in all the splendor of shining pink silk and creamy pearls! Of course, it wasn't Kathleen's doll yet—but Moira did so long for her little invalid sister to possess this blonde beauty, that she ever thought of it as "Kathleen's doll."

Moira sighed for sheer delight—and despair—as she noted the pale golden curls clustering about cheeks of roses; the eyes blue as sapphires and heavily shaded by black lashes.

Many a night had Moira put Kathleen asleep with the story of this wonderful doll. Then once, when the pain had been almost too great, she had promised Kathleen the doll on Christmas eve! Now, here it was Christmas eve and the doll was as far away as ever.

Moira smiled bravely to keep back the tears. This morning Kathleen had reminded her:

"Be sure, Moira, and bring my doll tonight. You promised me on Christmas eve."

Moira had kissed the sweet patient lips and said:

"I've not forgotten Kathleen. I've thought about it all the time."

So she had, and every day during the noon hour she had whispered her little story of perplexity to the Friend in the Golden House aglow from the light of a red lamp. Here it was near closing time, and she needed just ten dollars to bring that wonderful doll to the little sufferer.

But to Moira, breadwinner for the little family, ten dollars looked as big as a hundred. She needed every cent of her wages to buy shoes and strong woolen dresses, and milk and bread and—

"Say, Girlie, how much is this red ribbon?"

The tired shrill voice of a heavily laden shopper roused the dreaming Moira. Ready to drop, she turned to wait on the customer. Then the stream of humanity surged again with new vigor against the ribbon counter and Kathleen's doll was no longer within the range of Moira's longing eyes.

The lady bought yards and yards of the cheerful red ribbon, confiding in Moira the difficulties shopping for a family that already had everything one could possibly think of. Her large shopping bag was stuffed to the breaking point with small packages, and the lady had difficulty in finding her money.

At last, in triumph, she held up a fat roll of greenbacks. She slipped off the elastic band and gave a ten dollar bill to Moira. In a few moments, she had received her package and change and was on her troubled way.

She had scarcely gone when Moira saw something green nestling among the bolts of scarlet

ribbon. At first she thought it was a carelessly rolled piece of green ribbon, but on looking closer, she saw that it was the lady's roll of greenbacks! In her haste and excitement the lady forgot to put it back in her shopping bag!

Moirra walked quickly up to Miss Smith, the forelady.

"Miss Smith, one of my customers lost this a few moments ago. She took a bill from it to pay for some ribbon and must have dropped it among the bolts. May I take it to the superintendent's office? She will surely call for it there."

Miss Smith glanced at the fat roll and nodded her efficient head.

"All right, Miss O'Connell. Hurry back. These are very busy hours before six."

"I'll be back right away," promised Moira.

On winged feet she flew to the second floor and knocked at Mr. White's office.

"Come in," a clear cold voice told her.

Moirra opened the door and walked toward the big mahogany desk. Her face was flushed, her eyes ashine with eagerness and her thin body trembling before the exalted Mr. White.

"Oh, Mr. White," she burst out, "I've found this just now. She bought some ribbon and—"

Mr. White swung around in his chair. He took the roll from Moira's hand and counted the bills. \$300.00!

"Go on and finish your story," he told Moira. During the recital he looked long at her, noting the thin dress, too thin for the snow of December; the firm determined line of the young mouth; the clear glance of the brown eyes.

"What is your name, and what department are you in?"

"Moirra O'Connell and I'm in ribbons."

He made a hurried note in a book.

"That's all, Miss O'Connell. I'll keep this until the owner claims it."

As Moira turned to leave, the door was flung open and the lady of the holly ribbon rushed into the room.

"Oh," she gasped, "I've lost my money. \$300.00! Oh, what shall I do? What shall I do?"

Moirra turned to the superintendent and whispered:

"She's the lady, Mr. White."

Just then the lady saw the roll on Mr. White's desk. Like a flash she extended a plump and jeweled hand.

"Oh, you've found it," she cried loudly. "Oh, get me some water—I'm going to faint!"

But she didn't, for when Mr. White put the \$300.00 into her hand, she quickly revived.

"Who found it—you?"

"Yes," answered Moira.

"Well, you're an honest girl. I want to congratulate you on your employees, Mr. White, if she's a sample."

Mr. White beamed, for the success of the store was his dream by day and by night.

The lady pulled a \$50.00 bill from the roll, which never seemed to grow less.

"Here, this is for you," she said, offering it to Moira.

"Oh, no, I can't take it," said Moira, hanging back. "Why it's like being paid for being honest."

The two looked at her in amazement. Refusing \$50.00!

The lady smiled sweetly and said:

"Haven't you some little sisters and brothers at home who expect toys on the Christmas tree?"

Moirra nodded.

"Well, I want you to buy something for them. Just tell them Mrs. Santa Claus told you to." She laughed joyfully until her fat face shook in merriment.

Even then, Moira hesitated, Kathleen's doll in all its glory danced before her misted eyes.

"Well, I must be going," puffed the lady. "I've got a million more things to do, and, mercy me, it's four thirty!"

She pressed the bill into Moira's hand and bounced from the room.

Mr. White swung back to his desk.

"That's all, Miss O'Connell, but—we're opening a new department on the first, laces, and you will be head of it. Your salary will be thirty a week to start with, and—if you make good—"

"Oh, Mr. White, I'll make good. I will. I will!"

"I'm very sure you will, Miss O'Connell." Mr. White's voice was as confident as her own. "And now, take this hour off to spend some of your \$50.00."

"Thank you, thank you. Everyone is so good—"

And Moira ran out of the room before the happy tears spilled themselves from her shining eyes.

The toy department was reached in record time, and Kathleen's doll was soon in her arms. Then over to the candy department for the biggest box of goodies. Then, skates for Phil; two gorgeously illustrated books of travel for the studious John. And not half of the \$50.00 spent yet! It was magic money!

Moirra looked like a small understudy for the jolly Saint as she walked out on the snowy street. Many a weary pair of eyes followed her with a sigh and a tear for the dream of their own lost happiness.

(Continued on page 251)

Notes of General Interest

FROM THE FIELD OF SCIENCE

—The discovery of a rich platinum deposit is announced from Wyoming. This metal is more precious than gold and hitherto has been found chiefly in Russia. Mining men say this is the greatest find in this country since the discovery of gold in California.

—Chaulmoogric acid has proved effective in the treatment of leprosy. To secure quality and quantity in the production of this acid, the world is being searched for the proper trees which produce it. The U. S. Government has twice sent its experts to the home of the chaulmoogra tree to secure seed. A considerable quantity has been found, and today several thousand seedlings are growing in the Government greenhouse at Bell, Maryland.

—Ambergris, used in the making of fine perfumes, is found in the sperm whale. It results apparently from some trouble with the whale's digestion. It is also used in making oils for the bearings of watches.

—The man or woman who weighs from twenty to thirty pounds below the average has the best chance to live long.

—The people in this country have spent two dollars for new automobiles during the past four years for every three dollars they have spent for new buildings. No wonder there is a housing shortage!

—The 'Fountain of Youth,' supposed to have been found by the sensational press in certain obscure gland operations, is considered to be of but little value, according to the *Journal of the American Medical Association*. Of the two methods so far recommended, namely, the introduction of new glands, and the 'speeding up' of old ones, it asserts: "There is not as yet any actual proof that rejuvenation has been accomplished in a single individual."

—A world network of radio is expected soon. As a result of a conference of international radio companies, China and South America are to be placed in direct communication with America and Europe. This is all the more remarkable, since commercial radio is scarcely over three years old.

—Does it help or hinder to burn pasture land in winter or early spring? Custom and opinions are both for and against. Recent experiments at the Kansas Agricultural Experiment Station seem to favor burning.

—Dosing a population by wholesale with medicine may appear startling. But one canton in Switzerland has put a minute quantity of iodine in all table salt, in order to prevent goiter. Rochester, N. Y., is trying the same with the city's drinking water. A small quantity of iodine, taken for two or three weeks at a stretch twice during the year, is said to prevent goiter.

—Will yellow fever disappear from the world? It has already been restricted to a few infected districts. The prospect of eradicating it also in these isolated

spots appears promising. The Rockefeller Foundation is to spend a small fortune in financing this effort. Since the discovery that yellow fever is transmitted only by a certain kind of infected female mosquito, a systematic fight against this mosquito during the last five years has freed Central America, the West Indies, and all but one country in South America for over a year from this scourge.

—Will our country also suffer from an earthquake like Japan, or a volcano eruption like Italy? Rev. Father James A. Tondorf, S. J., director of the Georgetown University Seismic Observatory is authority for the statement that much of our country is immune. Most scientists agree now that the cause of earthquakes is the shrinkage of the earth's crust, due to cooling. Such a shrinkage occurs along the lines where the earth's surface is deepest. As an example we have the recent great earthquake in Japan, where the bottom of the sea near the coast dips down to over three miles below the surface of the ocean. In our country, however, the greatest portion lies on a faultless earthbed. Some writers, however, still point to the connection of earthquakes with volcanic eruptions and adduce the recent eruptions of Mount Vesuvius and Mount Etna.

—What does the Catholic religion teach as to evolution, and especially as to the evolution of man from the monkey? Let us distinguish as to the evolution of the body and of the soul. A Catholic must believe that the soul of man is created directly by God, and that it was not evolved from matter. This truth is taught both by reason and by faith. But what as to the evolution of the body of man? Here we must again distinguish as to possibility and fact. It would have been possible for God to have brought all material bodies and also the body of man into existence by evolution from lower forms. But as to the question of fact. Can a Catholic believe in the act of creation as given in the Holy Bible and also hold that the body of man gradually evolved from lower forms of material being? A final, infallible decision of the Church has not been given on this point, but there is the decision of the Biblical Commission of June 30, 1909, which affirms the non-evolution of Adam's body. Hence a Catholic would commit a 'grave fault' in teaching such an evolution. As to the evolution of the lower animals, i. e., of non-human life, the question seems to be a purely scientific one, in no way entering the sphere of religion.

—Ice storms and trees have been the subject of study in recent severe visitations. Several generalizations have been adduced. Trees having a conical shape were less subject to damage than those having a vase shape. The big twig trees suffered less than the small twig trees. The young trees were more resistant to damage than the old trees.

"APPLIED SCIENCE"

—It is getting so that the church is about the only

safe place to go to on Sunday. Very few of the people killed at grade crossings on Sunday are going to church.

—The forces of nature are very destructive, but they do not act so in the name of patriotism.

—The most common impediment of speech for the American is chewing gum.

—The inventor who has made molasses, tapioca, dyes, and flavoring extracts from the sweet potato, has made nothing better than the sweet potato.

—A new term for mathematics: A detour is the longest distance between two driven points.

—A certain maker of automobiles advertises four-wheel brakes. One exchange remarked that we do not need four-wheel brakes, but fore-sighted drivers.

—When the scientist goes shopping, he is liable to ask for mesmerized stockings, and succotash braid.

—"The slow thinker lives longest," says a prominent psychologist. But not if they are crossing the street in a large city.

—Quantity production tends to cheapen everything, including the laws.

REV. COLUMBAN THUIS, O. S. B.

MISSION

—To commemorate the third centenary of the Sacred Congregation of the Propaganda, which was founded under Gregory XV, the Italian Government has ordered four denominations of postage stamps to be issued: 20, 30, and 50 centesimo, and 1 lire. Each stamp will bear a likeness of Christ as well as of Saints Theresa, Dominic, Francis of Assisi, and Francis Xavier. There is a happy change in the attitude of the Italian Government toward the Church, which, let us hope, is a harbinger of better times.

—The Fourth General Convention of the Catholic Students' Mission Crusade, which met at Notre Dame in August, was attended by approximately 1500 enthusiastic delegates from many institutions of learning throughout the land. Several bishops and priests from the foreign mission fields were present to give the convention first-hand information from the field afar and to stress the needs of the foreign mission. The Crusade movement has its headquarters at Cincinnati, Ohio, in the "Crusade Castle," a beautiful home that was given to the organization by a priest of the city.

—The Franciscan Sisters of the Nsambya Mission, Kampala P. O., Uganda, British East Africa, have founded a community of "black" Franciscans in the heart of Africa. On May 8th, 1923, eight native girls received the Franciscan habit and began their year of novitiate. Many others would follow their example if there were room to accommodate them. A convent with some furniture is needed. Here is an opportunity for apostolic souls to help the missions to help themselves in the work of saving souls.

—Catholics still have to "go some" before they can come up to the Protestants in giving to foreign missions. During the past year the total gifts of Catholics to China amounted to about \$350,000, which is, indeed, quite a sum, but during the same period Protestants

contributed to the same country the enormous sum of more than fifty million dollars. That should make some of us sit up and think.

EUCCHARISTIC

—One of the most impressive religious functions ever witnessed in San Francisco, says *The Monitor*, was held on Thursday, November 8th, at St. Mary's Cathedral, when the Priests' Eucharistic League convened for its annual public demonstration of faith in the Blessed Sacrament of the Altar. At 10 o'clock there was a Solemn Mass in the presence of Most Rev. Archbishop Hanna who was vested in cappa magna. Father White, S. J., preached a magnificent sermon on the real presence of Christ on the altar. In the afternoon the Most Rev. Archbishop conducted the Holy Hour, which was attended by a large congregation of religious and laity.

—An edifying account of the desire to receive the last sacraments was manifested recently in the case of a young man who was fatally injured in an explosion at Baltimore. With his flesh hanging in shreds from parts of his body, he was rushed to the hospital. There he was placed in a hot bath, immersed in the water up to his nose, while hot water flowed continually into the tub. Upon the arrival of the priest, for whom he had sent, he bade the nurses leave the room that he might make his confession to purify his soul in preparation for the flight into eternity, now so near at hand. With the aid of the nurses, who held him up so that his mouth was above the water, he received the Holy Eucharist as Viaticum. Shortly thereafter he went to render an account to the Saviour whom he had loved in life and whom he had just received into his heart.

BENEDICTINE

—On October 2nd the much beloved Prioress of the Benedictine nuns at Princethorpe near Rugby, England, surrounded by her spiritual daughters quietly and calmly breathed her last without a struggle. Rev. Mother M. Evangelist, O. S. B., known in the world as Maria Douissin du Breuil, was 85 years of age, of which she had spent 28 as superior. She is characterized as kind-hearted, large-minded, and generous to a fault. A true daughter of St. Benedict, she had a wonderful grasp of the Holy Rule. With her passed one of the great Benedictine characters of the type of the abbesses of olden times. At the election, which was held on October 16th, Sister M. Maur Corney, O. S. B., was chosen to replace the late lamented Mother M. Evangelist.

—The Villa Madonna Academy of the Benedictine Sisters at Ludlow, Ky., which recently passed the qualifications required by the State of Kentucky, now ranks as a college.

—Report has it that the Benedictines in Colorado are about to erect at Cañon City the first building of a group for college and monastery. Gothic in style, the first building will be 68 x 88 feet, four stories high. The plans call for monastery, college, two refectories, chapel, and administration building.



AGNES BROWN HERING

MY DEAR BOYS AND GIRLS:—Once again, I have the happiness to greet you through the CORNER, and to wish you a Merry, Merry Christmas, and the happiest of Happy New Years.

I trust that Christmas will indeed be a merry one for you, because you have prepared yourselves for it by receiving your Infant King into your hearts. Those of you who are not yet old enough to experience this great happiness may receive your Infant Lord spiritually by saying, "Come, oh dear Jesus, come into my heart. Deliver it from all its evils, enrich it with all Thy goods. It desires ardently to receive Thee. Amen."

I hope Santa Claus will put into your stockings the things you have most wanted him to bring, and that you will have your fill of turkey, cranberry sauce, and all the other fixin's that go to make up a bountiful Christmas dinner. Once more, I wish you a Merry Christmas!

Christmas Starlight

JAMES J. DEEHAN

Came a strange star in the sky,
Made the angels sing;
'Twas a beacon hung on high,
Telling of The King.

Oh, the many varied forms
Now reflect that star,
Guiding us, through cold and storms,
Home where dear ones are.

Tinsel stars on boughs of green,
Stars of candle light,
Stars in children's eyes are seen,
Making Christmas bright.

Catch that starlight, friend of mine,
Know the Christmas joy,
Have the day to you outshine—
Gold without alloy.

He who heeds the angels' lay
On good will relies,
Feels heart warm on Christmas day—
Star-flame never dies!

Hearts and Roses

(Concluded)

Five years went by and all saw a great change in Brother Giraldu, but no one knew the reason save the Father Abbot, to whom Giraldu had given his will in pledge to the Little Master. His beloved picture was untouched for days. He joined the brethren in the fields and stables and did the most lowly work he could find to do, for it seemed to him that it would please

the Little Master. He seemed to make the will of the others his own, and if his proud heart suffered no one knew. He sometimes wished the Little Master would come again so he would know how the game was getting on.

The picture was still his idol. He was a good man, and he ardently longed to use his talent to gain souls for heaven.

One day he was gazing at the picture and praying, when lo! the child appeared. The heart of the Brother leaped with joy.

"Little Master, for five years have I bent my will to others. I have bent and pressed my reasoning to others till I have shaped them on other molds. Give me now the rose and take my heart."

The child looked at the picture and said, "Your heart is not at rest, and I can accept naught but a tranquil heart. What matters it to you what you are doing? Does it matter whether you are working for me in the fields, or drawing water from the spring? You still can work for souls, even as those who write weighty books, or sing sweet melodies in the choir, or preach the word of God, or paint angels and saints on walls. Giraldu, I need not all your work. Your heart alone I ask. If you will discipline your thoughts, you will find rest. Let this be a sign to you: When you can pass from this task, to that with an even mind, and when at prayer keep your mind free from the engrossing thoughts of the day and the cares that fill the passing hours, then I shall come again. In this way your soul will wax strong."

"Little Master, my one consuming desire is that I may work for souls. Is that so evil a thing that I must needs kill it?"

The child held up the beautiful white rose and said, "You are still thinking of the picture. See, blind one, how I paint a soul."

Then he crushed the beautiful rose in his hands, and he showed him the flower all stained with blood. The Brother did not know whether the thorns tore the flesh or whether the wound he thought he had seen bled afresh.

"If you will suffer thus, you shall save souls too, even though you never go beyond the monastery gate, or though your picture never be finished. Have courage, There comes a time when all desires are heard and when the heart sings loudest though it has most pain, for the joy of a heart undisturbed by distracted cravings makes the soul buoyant in God's service. Be on your guard; for if you take a holiday in the spiritual life it is hard to regain the place you had before."

The Brother felt very sad within himself and said, "Little Master, you speak truly; and yet I beg, let one thought find utterance. So long as we are in this world of shifting light and shadows, the human heart will crave some object on which to fasten. 'Tis true, God is the end of the soul. But we live encumbered with material things. Our very work for souls, the very virtues in which we take delight, the way in which we seem best to find God—all these things breed desires. If you take from the heart of man even lawful objects, on what shall it be fixed?"

The child made no reply. His garments shone like dazzling snow, the rose gave forth a heavenly fragrance, and around his head appeared a wreath of thorns whence scarlet drops came down and stained his hair. Then he was gone.

The heart of Giraldu was changed. He had fixed all his love and all his desires upon the Christ Child, and thoughts of earth had no longer any place in his heart. He went about his duties as before, but now each action was performed as an act of love to God with all the perfect beauty of a pure intention. When the restless desire which had so long enveloped him was gone, he found his former skill returning. He washed off the old picture from the wall, and no one but the Father Abbot knew what the new one was. When the picture was nearly finished, the child stopped his pleasant visits, and the Brother was very sad. He often knelt and prayed, "Little Master, come back that I may play hearts and roses with thee again."

On Ascension Day Brother Giraldu heard a sermon on the words "It is expedient for you that I go." A sudden thought came to him that perhaps because he loved the Little Master for his sweet and lovely presence the dear God would take him away even as he had yielded up to him his will and his desires. And the poor Brother's heart sank within him. He had learned to give up his desires willingly and yet preserve his peace of soul; so he said, "If this pleases you, Little Master, it pleases me also. It is a mercy that I am permitted to kneel before you at all."

After Matins one night, the Father Abbot went to the chapel of the Holy Sacrament to keep vigil, and as he passed through the chapter room he saw that the curtain was removed from before the picture of Brother Giraldu and that it was the picture of a child, of the Christ Child, and he held a white rose. Never before had the abbot seen so beautiful a face painted by mortal hand, and kneeling down he prayed a while.

He then passed on into the chapel. As he was about to kneel, he beheld a figure lying prostrate upon the topmost step, the arm outstretched toward the tabernacle, and in the hand a lovely rose of dazzling whiteness and purity. The abbot thought he had fallen asleep and his heart was touched with pity, for the Brother was old and feeble. He touched him gently and softly called to him. But there was no response.

The Little Master had come once again to play the wonderful game of hearts and roses, and this time he gave up his lovely white rose, and the heart of Brother Giraldu he took for his very own.

The Story

MRS. J. H. MILLER

She came to me begging a story,
My darling, with eyes so blue,
"Not of fairies or elfs, or goblins,
But a story really true."

I paused a moment in fancy,
To wonder just what it should be:
Some tale of my own childhood,
So merry and full of glee,

Or a wonderful picture of travel,
So many joys to unfold,
All painted in bright glowing colors,
For little blue eyes to behold.

But no, the wee maid had decided,
As she nestled still closer with joy,
She wanted the dearest of stories,
The one about God's Little Boy.

So I told her of shepherds frightened,

While watching wee lambs in the night,
Of angels all singing so sweetly,
And the star that shone ever so bright,

Carefully guiding the wise men
To where the dear baby lay,
All cuddled up in the manger,
In the midst of the sweet smelling hay.

Then I told her of Mary, the mother,
So proud of her dear little Son,
And the wonderful message He gave us,
"Peace and good will" to each one.

As we rocked and talked in the twilight,
Her eyes became dreamy with sleep,
And with head almost nodding she whispered,
"I think Baby Jesus was sweet.

"And of all the stories you tell me,
The one that I do most enjoy,
The one I like over and over,
Is the one about God's Little Boy."

The Lost Reindeer

JAMES J. DEEHAN

"Tomorrow! Christmas!" breathed Mattie Collins and with joy she danced across the snow.

"But this last storm has made the roads very bad. Perhaps the reindeers will lose their way!" smiled Phin, her brother.

"Who ever heard of reindeers getting lost?" frowned Mattie. "Virginia Parker told me those reindeers know the way down south where there isn't a flake of snow. Wonder how our Virginia liked her first snow storm!"

Phin and his sister lived in a remote country section. Their nearest neighbors were Grandpa and Grandma Parker who owned a farm about three miles away. But what were three miles, even though it led through a woods, when Virginia Parker was at their end? Virginia, a week ago, had come from the south to live with her grandparents on the Parker farm. This afternoon brother and sister were taking a little Christmas package to the Parker homestead.

"Crunch, crunch, crunch," said the snow as they tramped through the woods, for Phin had decided to go the woods' way instead of the road.

A long time, a long distance, and still no sight of the Parker home! Suddenly Phin stopped and pointed to marks on the snow where a small shoe had cracked the icy snow crust.

"I can only think of one person who could make those tracks," vowed Phin.

"And that's Virginia Parker!" finished Mattie.

"We better follow the tracks!" muttered Phin. Virginia is alone and certainly she doesn't know the way home. Lucky the snow crust holds her up! Wish we'd started sooner, its getting darker all the time!"

Phin led the way while Mattie followed. It would be altogether terrible if Virginia became lost in the woods this cold Christmas Eve. Certainly the little girl from the south was not going in the right direction. The zig-zag trail seemed to wander aimlessly towards a rocky part of the forest where the snow-covered rocks caused the brother and sister to stumble frequently.

The sun disappeared behind a ridge and shadows swiftly claimed the woods. Cold, cold, cold came the breath of the north wind. Then unexpectedly a mournful whine rose out of the twilight in front. It was followed by low, throaty growls and then the whine once more. No wonder Phin and his sister felt their hearts going pit-a-pat.

"We must go ahead," vowed Phin. "The footprints lead towards the whine!"

Slowly the two advanced and saw they were nearing an open space more rocky than heretofore. The growls and whines were repeated. A new note was added, a low pleading note in Virginia Parker's voice. Phin and Mattie rushed forward.

Standing at the edge of a pit or opening in the ground was Virginia. The little girl seemed terribly worried about something. She gazed down into the pit and from time to time uttered pleading words. Could someone be in the pit? Only Virginia's footprints led to it. The boy opened his mouth. Before words came, Virginia slipped at the pit's edge and disappeared into the opening. Instead of whines there then came loud barking.

"That's Virginia's dog," sighed Mattie, "He is so light his tracks don't show on the snow."

Phin and Mattie dashed on. Virginia and her puppy were at the bottom of a deserted quarry hole. Not so deep but oh, so slippery was this hole. It was quite easy to slip down the almost straight sides; quite another thing to climb up. What were the dog and his mistress doing here so far from home?

Virginia smiled up at her friends at the quarry's edge. "Why," said the astonished girl, "won't you all come to tea at Grandma's house? It's so c-c-cold here! I'm certain sure Grandma would be pleased to have you!"

It seemed a strange time for such an invitation. Mattie could not forego a few questions.

"What are you doing out here alone? We must have followed your tracks for over four miles!"

"Why, Mattie dear, you must be funning. Did I come four miles? Derry, silly dog, saw a reindeer in the orchard and chased it in the woods. I didn't have time to tell Grandma—was 'fraid Derry would get lost. After a long, long time I heard puppy barking down this cellar. I wasn't fearing; for on Christmas Eve nothing terrible could happen. You all know that, children."

Phin smiled as he considered the problem of getting Virginia out of the quarry hole. "Throw Derry up," he ordered. "I'll catch the fluffy little rascal. Then I'll dig steps with this stick down the side so as you can reach my hand."

Up came Derry. Mattie had to hold the little dog or he would have scampered down again. Phin set to work and dug steps down the side that had the greatest slope. Then after many a thrilly slip, he stretched to Virginia's hand and pulled her up to the steps and safety.

In which direction lay the Parker home now that the three were eager to leave the forest? It was now dark, not just twilight; and that made it impossible to follow the back trail. An owl hooted. Little sounds of mystery echoed from the depths of the woods. Jack Frost's cold fingers were bitterly cruel. Phin and Mattie began to doubt Virginia's faith that nothing terrible could happen on Christmas Eve. Surely it would be terrible to be lost in the great woods and feel the cold becoming greater.

Only Derry seemed care free. Unknowingly the three had been following the dog. Derry now pricked up his ears and uttered several sharp barks. The trees were thinner and, wonder of wonders, ahead was a group of low, far apart trees. A gray shadow moved under one of these trees. At the barking it straightened up. It was a deer from the forest and it had been feeding on frozen apples in an old orchard.

"One of the Christmas reindeers," exclaimed Virginia delightedly.

The deer stamped once or twice. Then it flung up its head and was off. The three knew that the gray cliff in the distance was really not a cliff but the barn on the Parker farm.

"A reindeer," said Mattie softly. "I almost believe it is. Hear those sleigh bells."

As the three went down the orchard row, there came a far away tinkling like silver Christmas bells. It may have been the wind blowing the icicles, or it may have been Mr. Collins driving down the road for Mattie and Phin. Then again, it may have been the harness bells of a lost reindeer.

The Hallowed Night

Once more the hallowed season comes around,
When mortal men direct their minds to pay
A fitting tribute to the Babe that lay
In lowly manger; Him the shepherds found
One Christmas night, a space profound
For us to ken, two thousand years away
Toward where the star of East did point the way
And left them with the Infant. Not a sound
Escaped their lips. With wonder were they sealed.
Without, the pearly moonlight shed its gleam,
And forth from sacred lips the tidings pealed
In hymn and carol. 'Twas a blessed dream
To those who saw and witnessed—where they kneeled—
The brilliant splendor of that natal scene.

Alexander Joseph Baker,
Brooklyn, N. Y.

Origin of the Word "Christmas"

Christmas got into the English language as it then was—1038—as Christes-Maesse, which by 1131 appeared as Christes-Messe, or Christ's Mass. In Dutch it is Kerst-Misse; and in Latin, Dies Natalis; French, Noel; Italian, Il Natale, and German, Weihnachtsfest, from the sacred vigil of the day. It is the Feast of the Nativity and Mass of that feast.

Letter Box

To encourage our Boys and Girls to write interesting and worth-while letters to the "Corner" we have opened a "letter contest" which is to continue for sometime to come. As we announced in the September and October numbers, a prize will be given for the best letter of the month. Read the following rules carefully and do your best:

LETTER CONTEST RULES

Each letter must be original.
Write in ink, or use typewriter if possible.
Use one side only of the paper.
Leave a margin of three inches at top of first page.
Leave margin at each side of page.
Sign you name and address at the right, and your age and grade at the left.

As prize for the best letter of the month we shall give a certificate together with a print of one of Abbey's beautiful paintings, of which there are fifteen, representing scenes from the legend of the "Holy Grail." Both the certificate and the print are suitable for framing.

But one prize will be given each month.
Letters must reach the editor of the "Corner" by December 25th for the February Grail. Subject for February. "A Valentine"; for March: "An Ideal March Day."

Address all letters to Agnes Brown Hering, Royal, Nebraska.

The Christmastide

The following is a brief description of Xmas in South East Africa, in the country of the Zulus.

CHRISTMAS EVE. Peculiar brightness makes itself seen everywhere, as Christmas comes along. This is

the more verified in our country where Christmas falls in summer time. Young and old feel the seriousness of the time and those that are Catholics prepare themselves for the Feast by praying, fasting, and so forth.

CHRISTMAS TIDE. Having observed well (so to say) the necessary conditions for the Eve times, the people observe in the same way the Christmas pleasures. Every Christian goes to the Midnight Mass and most of them receive Holy Communion during it. The midnight Mass is the most popular. In spite of the huge attendance, there is scarcely anything like noise to be heard. The Christians patiently wait in their respective places, and when the clock strikes twelve, all as if with one voice sing accompanied by the Harmonium, the "Busuku obuhle" or "Silent Night." Midnight mass is attended with great reverence and devotion and after it all go quietly home.

After a sound slumber the people wake up with a spirit of "Kisimusi" and a fine spirit it is that day. Gifts pass to and from friends, and gifts mean anything from a sweet upwards to goods worth a sovereign.

What about the poor? Who gives them a "Christmas Box?" Nobody. Alas, really they are forgotten and they get nothing. But for justice sake let me mention that our Missionaries strive hard to enjoy their hearts. They give them each a big bun or buns. If this is not enough or not to be had, then fruits take the place and fill the blank hands. We generally have apples, pears, plums, apricots, oranges. But oh! this was not possible this year, because the fruit trees have been laid bare by the storm that visited us. This year's Christmas, therefore, was an unfortunate one for the poor. Another thing worth mentioning is our beautiful crib. The entrance to the Sacred Heart Church will make you feel at home in Bethlehem by its beautiful crib which is rather a large one. For this reason you will find Christians parading before it.

The following day was a "good dinner" time. After the short service in the morning, people go out for dinners, and good ones they often are. They are of course not so up-to-date as those you have in America, nay, they are a century behind them. Meat, beans, potatoes, coarse bread, native-beer (utshwala) are the dishes. I may say what I got for Xmas presents. Our Rev. Missionary Father gave me a pair of braces and a shirt; the Boarding school Boys' Master a purse, a lead pencil and nine buns. My "mamma," Sr. Philippine, a nice book. I wish my benefactors and all faithful people in America a happy New Year and God's Blessing for all time.

Anton Kubone.

A Prince Cometh

KATE AYERS ROBERT

No bells proclaim, no cannon blaze,
No instrument of earth
Tells to the world the joyous news
Of its Redeemer's birth.

God's angels hover near unseen,
Though heard by just a few,
E'en till to day their voices bring
Glad tidings unto YOU!

Rejoice! Be glad! A PRINCE is born!
The SON of heaven's KING!
And "Peace, good will unto the earth!"
Still hear the Angels sing!

Pilgrims to Rome and Heaven

(Continued from page 231)

And judgment find;—see to it that eke these
Be summoned out as Christians, that their plight
May glut the hearts of such as love Rome's might!"

(To be concluded)

Kathleen's Doll

(Continued from page 245)

She ran up the church steps and poured out her thanks to the never failing Friend who smiled at her from behind the little Golden Door that glowed brightly, even in the dusk of the twilight hour.

Abbey and Seminary

—The Forty Hours' Devotion was celebrated in the Abbey Church with the usual solemnity on October 19, 20, and 21. According to time-honored custom, the members of both Abbey and Seminary spent the hours of adoration day and night before the Blessed Sacrament exposed. Some of the neighboring pastors took advantage of the cessation of class on these days, during which they employed a number of the Rev. Professors of the Seminary for the Forty Hours in their own parishes. Fathers Prior and Meinrad went to St. Wendel, Fathers Isidore and Paul to Fulda, Fathers Anselm and Boniface to Ferdinand, F. Ignatius to Troy, F. Placidus to St. James.

—The President of the Swiss-American Congregation, Rt. Rev. Abbot Philip Ruggle, O. S. B., of Conception, Mo., came on Oct. 22 for the triennial canonical visitation, which opened on the following morning after High Mass, Benediction, and the prescribed prayers. The closing exercises took place on the morning of the 25th after High Mass and Benediction.

—Rev. Bernard Bunning, class of '80, pastor at Scotland, S. D., was a welcome visitor at the Abbey in October. Father Bunning wished to make another, and probably a last, visit to his birthplace at Covington, Ky., opposite Cincinnati, and also to see his *alma mater* once more. When a young boy he moved with his parents from Kentucky to a farm in the neighborhood of St. Meinrad. He later entered our College and had just completed his course in the Seminary when the late Bishop Martin Marty, O. S. B., was consecrated Vicar-Apostolic of Dakota Territory in February, 1880. Father Bunning was one of the number of the first class to be ordained by the new Bishop, for whose vicariate he was destined. For nearly forty-four years Father Bunning has labored faithfully from pioneer days in the West on the prairies of Dakota, enduring the severe winters of the plains, holding out through the drouths of many summers, making long

and arduous journeys over land to meet the many obligations of a mission priest in the early days among the few and scattered Catholics, who now have beautiful churches with resident pastors and flourishing schools. Despite these many years of hardships and toil, Father Bunning is still well preserved and in active service. Since his return to South Dakota, Father Bunning has been transferred from Scotland to Dolton.

—Rev. August Sprigler, class of '01, whom we had not seen on our premises for these twenty years past, and Rev. F. X. Hillen, class of '16, paid us a short visit on October 25th.

—On October 31st there was an exodus of Rev. Professors who were sent out to assist in various parishes on All Saints and All Souls.

—November opened with the happy feast of All Saints. At the solemn ceremonies of Pontifical High Mass, which was celebrated by our Rt. Rev. Father Abbot, we were rejoiced to hear for the first time this fall the well-trained St. Gregory Chancel Choir, which sang a four-voiced *Kyrie* and *Gloria*. The *Credo*, in in Gregorian melody, was sung alternately with the monastic choir. At the Offertory an inspiring *Laetamini*, composed for the occasion by the director of the choir, Father Thomas, was elevating. With oft repeated "*Laetamini's*" and "*Exsultate's*" the saints were most cordially invited to rejoice in the Lord. We are sure they accepted the invitation and mingled their praises with ours.

The great *toties quoties* indulgence began at noon. Many were the visits to the church to beg deliverance from the cleansing flames of purgatory for a departed father or mother, brother or sister, or some other relative, benefactor, or friend.

Vespers of the day preceded the Vespers of the Office of the Dead, which latter office was likewise sung. Then followed the procession to the little God's Acre on the hillside. A thinly veiled sun and a slight chill in the air gave the afternoon a tinge of autumn.—Many of the faithful were also present at church in the evening for Rosary and Benediction. Complin of the Office of the Dead and night prayers concluded the spiritual exercises of the day for the community.

—All Souls Day at the Abbey begins at 4:00 a. m. with Matins, Lauds, and Prime of the Office of the Dead. This is followed by the private Masses, of which each priest is now privileged to offer up three in succession, as on Christams, without leaving the altar.

Many of the faithful were in church as early as 4:30 when the first Mass began at the parish altar. Very many Holy Communion were distributed in the course of the morning.

At 8 o'clock Father Prior celebrated Solemn High Mass of Requiem, which was followed by a sermon and then the *Libera*. As on the preceding afternoon the procession wended its way to the cemetery. The morning was beautiful. The warm sun brightened our solemn faces as we passed Seminary and College and then struck us obliquely from the left as we turned

down the lane to the cemetery. The last quarter of the pale moon, shattered and jagged, was inclining to the West. A breeze that was strong enough to extinguish our candles plucked from the trees some of the remaining leaves and strewed them in our way, those that lay on the ground were sent whirling on a merry chase. During the singing of the *Benedictus* a flock of boisterous English sparrows threatened to interrupt the service.

All Saints inspires us with a longing for heavenly joy, while All Souls points out to us that this joy shall be ours only after we shall have been purified "so as by fire."

—Our deceased benefactors, confrères, and relatives were the special object of our prayers and suffrages on November 5th. We chanted the Office of the Dead and the Rt. Rev. Abbot was celebrant of a Pontifical High Mass of Requiem for the repose of their souls. God grant them eternal rest!

—Very Rev. Meinrad Fleischmann, pastor of St. John's Church, Vincennes, and dean of that district, ordained with the class of '67, has resigned his charge because of the infirmities due to old age. Rev. Otto C. Bosler, class '04, has succeeded to the pastorate, while Rev. James M. Gregoire, class of '09, pastor of the Old Cathedral at Vincennes, has been appointed dean.

—Just as we go to press we learn that Rev. Bernard Gerlitzki, class of '17, died of apoplexy at St. Mary's Hospital, Rhinelander, Wisconsin, where he had been chaplain for the past year.

Book Notices

It is admitted by all that, with the possible exception of the short-story, the essay has come to be the most popular form of reading. As a consequence of this demand for the essay, it has become necessary for schools to include the essay as part of their course in English composition. There have, however, been few textbooks written exclusively on this form of composition. It is to fill this want that Sister Eleanore, C. S. C., has given us *The Literary Essay in English*, published by Ginn and Company, Chicago.

Written though it is, to be a textbook, the lessons are presented very much in the form of what they intend to portray, that is, in all the pleasant flow of language, thought, and imagery that makes the reading of the essay itself delightful. While she instructs in the essence, the form, and in the best masters of this kind of literature, Sister Eleanore keeps one's attention by the heightened style in which she writes, does us the double service of teaching and giving pleasure. As a textbook it is distinct in its kind, and supplies a want that has been growing more urgent from day to day.

HILARY DEJEAN, O. S. B.

To the numerous five and ten cent booklets on spiritual topics, published by the Benedictine Sisters of Perpetual Adoration at Clyde, Mo., has just been added another, in English, and also in German, "*The Holy Life of Anna Catherine Emmerich*," which contains 64 pages with illustrations. "Genuousness" for genuineness and "laid" for lay escaped the vigilant eye of the proof reader. Yet we can heartily recommend to the reading public this edifying booklet, which is fully worth the price asked—ten cents.

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These books were chosen from hundreds of books as representative of not only what a Catholic should read, but what he would actually desire to read and enjoy reading.

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THE PARABLE BOOK—Our Divine Lord's own stories retold for you by little children in the words of Holy Scripture. The most beautiful and complete Catholic children's book ever produced. Each book enclosed in beautiful gift box. \$2.00.

CATHOLIC BIBLE STORIES By J. V. D. Brownson. Includes Catholic bible stories from both the Old and New Testament, told in an interesting way so that any child will understand and enjoy them. \$1.50.

LETTERS TO JACK By Msgr. Kelley. Monsignor Kelley gives good advice to young men in such a way that it reads like letters from his best chum. Every young man should read this book. 254 pages. \$1.50

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The holy feast of Christmas, the great feast of spiritual joy and of Christian charity, is at hand. The glad message of joy announced by the angels on Christmas night: "Behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, that shall be to all people!" is still echoed from pole to pole.

In our country, which has been so signally blessed, the holy feast of Christmas will be a season of great rejoicing, a season of abundance for old and young. The great plenty that is ours all came from the hands of the sweet Infant Jesus. It is a manifestation of His boundless love for us. As an act of gratitude to the Divine Infant for His bounty, let us share our abundance with the little ones who are in the greatest need and slowly starving to death beyond the sea. A few weeks ago General Henry T. Allen, who was commander of the American troops on the Rhine, stated publicly that two million children would die of starvation in Germany this winter, but that the generosity of Americans could prevent this.

In the hearts of each and every one of our readers there burns the fire of charity that begets pity. We know that each is willing to give something to help these innocent little sufferers through the long cold winter now breaking. The souls of these little ones are dear to the Infant Jesus. You can help Him to save them. He is depending upon your aid, whether you give money or clothing, or both. Cast-off clothing, which is still good, will be most acceptable. Gen. Allen, whom we quoted above, says that at the present value of our money only two cents a day is required to feed a child. Who could not spare even two cents? For how many days do you intend to feed one of these little ones? Think quick and act at once. The Infant Jesus is stretching out His little hands to you, pleading for these little ones. Will you give Him nothing? We do not think so. If you are unable to give much, give at least what you can.

The good Sisters, too, who have taken upon themselves the care of thousands upon thousands of destitute orphans, like their charges, are enduring privations of every description, with scarcely a morsel of food or particle of clothing for these little ones, and coal is out of the question. How shall they maintain those in their keeping? How shall they be able to preserve their own health? Can you answer this? Nearly every mail brings us letters describing the utter distress of these unfortunates.

Another class that is hard pressed are the priests, whose salary is not sufficient to buy the food they need to sustain life, to say nothing of clothing and fuel. The stipend for a single Mass will not cover the cost of the wine, altar bread, and candles needed for that one Mass. To keep body and soul together many are compelled to work as common day laborers. The mere pittance that is paid as salary is often delayed so long that the money has become almost worthless. You can help these priests by having them say Masses for your intentions. To assist you in this, we shall be only too glad to forward, free of all charge, all the alms and Mass stipends that you send us for these poor servants of God.

Hasten, dear Reader, to place in the hands of the Infant Jesus your Christmas gifts for these starving children and destitute Sisters and Priests. What you do for Christ's poor will be most amply rewarded. Remember that the Divine command, to love your neighbor as yourself, excludes neither race, nor creed, nor color. In helping the poor, you "lay up to yourselves treasures in heaven, where neither the rust nor moth consume, and where thieves do not break through, nor steal."—Matth. 6:20.

Whatever alms you wish to send to the poor sufferers in whose behalf this appeal is made, address

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